THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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BEAUTIFUL BUFFALO.

Major William C. McClure Visits the Handsome City by "Niagara's Awful Wave" and Waxes Enthusiastic Over It and Its Inhabitants.

Remarkable Growth of the Flourishing Community in the Last Quarter of a Century.

One of the great American cities of the United States is Buffalo, the capital of Erie county, in the State of New York. The writer a few days ago returned to Chicago, after a two weeks' sojourn in that delightful and picturesque city. Believing that many of your readers, together with the tens of thousands of young men who many years ago took their departure from that city to seek success in life throughout the Northwest, and whose hearts are still lingering on the delights of their native city, will read with interest and pride everything pertaining to her wonderful growth and development, the writer presumes that a letter on this subject might not prove uninteresting to the citizens of Chicago.

Buffalo was founded in the year 1801, became a military post in 1813, and was burned by the British on the last day of that year. It was again re-built, and in the year 1832 it attained the rank of a city. The city of Buffalo today is a grand mercantile centre, and runs for five or six miles along the shore of Lake Erie and Niagara river and commands a magnificent view of its surroundings. The streets are broad, and the resident part is generally well lined with trees, well paved and lighted, and the sanitary provisions excellent. It may be truly said that the Buffalo of today is not the Buffalo of a quarter of a century ago. Indeed, the changes have been so great that the native who left that city twenty-five years ago, on entering it now, would know it no better than a merchant who took his departure from Chicago after the great fire and returned today.

All the great business thoroughfares where small trade was transacted, have been transformed into huge mercantile marts, which places Buffalo as one of the vast commercial centres of the United States. As an evidence of her phenomenal growth it may be here stated that her population in 1870 was 134,238, in 1890 255,664, and today has 315,000, and with this splendid growth in population her citizens are ever alive and keeping pace with other great cities in their onward march in progress and civilization. No merchant can walk along her leading streets without being wonderfully impressed with her vast number of newly erected business blocks, equipped with all the modern appliances, rising to a height of from eight to fifteen stories, and in point of architecture will compare favorably with any business in the world. Many vast buildings are today in course of erection and are in demand by reason of the amazing growth in her commerce. The position of Buffalo on the great water and railway channels of communication between the West and the East gives it a commercial importance surpassed by that of few other American cities. It is a great railroad centre, and all the eastern lines have their termini at this point.

Besides being a vast commercial centre it is also a delightful residence city. There are many fine residences, with attractive grounds, numerous parks, boulevards, drives and other interesting resorts for health. Her boulevards will compare with any in Paris, Brussels or any city on the continent. Buffalo has twenty-five miles of asphalt pavement, and is, perhaps, the cleanest city in the United States, and may properly be called the Paris of America.

The subject of education demands constant attention, the numerous schools, colleges, universities, etc., and the high qualifications of the teachers, male and female, clearly demonstrate the marvelous interest the citizens enjoy in providing for the education of her children. The city abounds in free public and private libraries, historical clubs and societies of natural sciences, together with many institutions of learning and charity. Buffalo is indeed a prominent seat of learning. The City of the Lakes, as she is termed, has furnished the world with men noted for their high scholarship, including professors in universities, presidents of the United States, merchants and artisans of marvelous ability. Chicago is largely indebted to Buffalo, for to many of her sons we owe much. They came here with their brains and money, gave their influence, experience and enterprise, and today they form an important part of the progressive and successful business men of this city.

The merchants of Buffalo, while progressive in their business methods, are also very conservative in all matters pertaining to the interest of the city. They take an especial pride in two departments of the city government, namely, the police and fire. Buffalo is well governed, the absence of crime to a great extent, fully attests this fact, together with the moderate rate of taxation. The fire department of that city enjoys the confidence, and, we might say, is the pride of her merchants and citizens. This department is in splendid condition, fully equipped with all modern appliances calculated to bring the department up to the highest standard, so that the fire protection of Buffalo is fully equal to any city of like demands in the world. The department is composed of excellent material, strong, active young men, well managed and thoroughly disciplined. The annual appropriation for this department amounts to nearly $600,000.

The chief of the department, Mr. B. J. McConnell, is a gentleman of mature judgment, large experience and a practical fire-fighter, and resembles in his methods our own Marshal Swenie, has his command in magnificent order, and to his methods must largely be attributed the phenomenal success of the department. The assistant chief, Mr. Edward P. Murphy, is a born fire-fighter. As God made him a man He destined him a fireman to save life a property, and in this respect Murphy is the wonder to all Buffalo. He has saved more lives than any ten or twenty men in the department; he has met with more accidents than the number of fingers on his hands, and he was frequently carried from the field of his bravery given up for dead. Today he is the same strong, active, daring and brave fireman, enjoying an inborn love for his calling in life.

Many men and women in Buffalo whom Chief Murphy rescued from death at the risk of his own life, attest their love for him and as he speeds along, at the sound of the gong in his fire-wagon, with its wheels covered with the latest invention—rubber tires—the streets at once become crowded, in their eagerness to catch a glimpse at the flying fireman, for Chief Murphy will risk all hazards to reach the scene of the fire in its incipiency, and by his long experience with fire methods quench it without much, if any, loss to property. Yes, many a prayer is offered up for Murphy when he is on his way to a conflagration, for they know his heart and his bravery, and the love which the citizens of Buffalo manifest for him is grander than a monument of stone or bronze erected, no matter how high, to mark the spot of his last resting place. To Murphy's genius as a fire-fighter, millions of dollars worth of property has been saved and numerous lives rescued from the flames. It is, indeed, no wonder that the fire department of Buffalo is such a pronounced success when we learn that it is officered by two such distinguished firemen.

Buffalo is not only noted for its attractions as a grand residence city, combining all the comforts of home requirements; its citizens are also noted for their high social qualities, and their desire to entertain visitors on the highest plane of hospitality, taking a deep interest in them and contributing in every way to the happiness of their guests. To such of her citizens as left her precincts twenty-five years ago, could they but return now, with what feelings of exquisite pleasure would they behold the transformed, the magnificent, the Paris of America, the American city, Buffalo.

WM. C. MCCLURE.

HYMENEAL.

O'CONNELL-DUNNE.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Dunne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dunne, of 398 Ashland boulevard, to Thomas Francis O'Connell was celebrated with nuptial high mass at St. Jarlath's church Wednesday morning, Nov. 20 at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father Cashman, assisted by Rev. Father Cox, officiating. Miss Marguerite Henneberry was maid of honor, and wore pink chiffon over pink taffeta. Misses Irene Cook, Josie Fortune and Marie O'Connell were bridemaids. Their gowns were white organdie over pink taffeta, and they wore large pink and white velvet hats. Their flowers were bridemaid roses. The bride wore a gown of white brocade satin, en train, with a garniture of old-point and pearl passementerie, and a tulle veil fastened with a diamond star. She carried a prayer book with pearl cover. Mrs. Dunne wore a costume of royal blue brocade, with fur and jeweled trimmings, and a small capote of fur and jeweled velvet. Mrs. T. O'Connell, mother of the groom, wore a toilet of black velvet and jet with a bonnet of jet. Theodore O'Connell acted as best man, and William J. Fortune, W. F. Donohue, John R. Cook, P. L. McArdle and M. Considine were ushers. A breakfast for the bridal party was served at 12 o'clock at the residence of the brides's parents. The house was decorated in pink roses and chrysanthemums and Johnson served. Tomaso's orchestra furnished the music. In the evening a reception was held at the family residence, after which Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell left for the south. They will be at home in January at 398 Ashland boulevard. Among those present at the reception were the following: Messrs. and Mesdames W. P. Henneberry, M. A. Donahue, W. A. Amberg, W. P. Rend, W. D. Kent, Harvey Weeks, John Arnold, John Fortune, P. J. Healy, Charles Cook, John M. Smyth, L. Woltersdorf, Frank Wright, George Davis, C. Plamondon, John Amberg, Theodore Amberg.

St. Jarlath's Court, C.O.F.

All the arrangements for the sixth annual ball of St. Jarlath's Court No. 145 of the Catholic Order of Foresters, are complete, and the affair promises to be the most successful of all the grand balls given by this court. Thanksgiving night Nov. 28 at the West Chicago Club, 48 Throop street, are the time and place selected when the members of this progressive court will entertain themselves and their numerous friends who have the good fortune to attend.

Wonderful are the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla and yet it is only because Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier, makes pure, rich, healthy blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly and efficiently.

SHERIDAN CLUB.

Splendid Opening Reception of the Popular Organization at Their Handsome Club Rooms Tuesday Evening.

A Most Enjoyable Occasion—Exquisite Decorations and Graceful Hospitality—List of Those Present.

Over fifteen hundred guests attended the opening reception of the season of 1895-'96 at the Sheridan Club, Forty-first street and Michigan avenue, last Tuesday evening. The occasion was marked by the most brilliant assemblage that has ever graced the halls of the club since it first came into social prominence, several years ago. Following the precedent of custom, the large clubhouse was thrown wide open to the guests, thus affording to each individually the absolute comfort of an "at home" affair. The decorations were marvels of the designer's art, and consisted of potted plants, ferns, and chrysanthemums, arranged and interwoven in many unique and picturesque settings. The ballroom presented an unusually brilliant scene. Half way round the entire front of the stage tall palms waved their broad leaves, completely hiding the orchestra. The entire clubhouse had been newly frescoed and decorated, and the scene was one of gayety and brilliancy throughout the entire evening.

The programme consisted of six dances and was formally opened at 9 o'clock with a grand march led by Mr. Michael Cudahy and Mrs. E. Baggott. After the march the regulation waltzes and quadrilles were indulged in until the hour of 11, when the entire assembly marched from the ballroom, preceded by a madolin orchestra, to the banqueting hall. It was not till after midnight Prof. A. E. Bournique called the german, in which all the guests participated, dancing continuously until an early morning hour.

The comfort of the guests and the successful termination of the Sheridan Club's opening were in charge of the following reception committee: Michael Cudahy, E. Baggott, T. F. Keeley, James Bradburn, John Griffiths, W. W. Alexander. The entertainment committee comprised: J. W. McDonald, Richard Corrigan, W. M. Crilly, M. W. Honan, Andrew Hoffman. On the floor committee were: M. D. Flavin, E. M. Keeley, W. A. Lydon, J. J. Kelly, A. J. Cronin, Michael Eifert, John E. Murphy.

Among the many prominent guests were: Messrs. and Mesdames W. H. Alexander, W. P. Nelson, P. Noonan, A. E. Bern, E. Baggot, J. D. Baggot, J. P. Barrett, J. H. Birmingham, J. P. Boyle, J. P. Bowles, James Bradburn, Orville G. Brown, Joseph C. Braden, Anthony Burke, C. T. Bayne, Harry Byrne, John J. Cashin, C. P. Caldwell, W. P. Carey, Joseph T. Carey, James J. Kelly, W. L. Kerber, P. Leonard, Charles R. Lynch, James Mahoney, Edward J. McArdle, J. A. McCormick, James W. McDonald, William A. McGuire, F. H. Mealiff, James C. Everett, M. D. Flavin, Harry E. Fox, George P. Foster, James Gavvin, Thomas Gahan, William Gavin, Hugh Gillice, C. W. Greenfield, John Griffiths, W. J. Carney, James J. Casey, Austin A. Canavan, Edward J. Callahan, John F. Clare, J. G. Clinnen, Charles F. Cooke, John F. Cooke, Thomas Cox, James Conlin, Jr., Edward J. Coleman, Joseph M. Crennan, William M. Crilly, Daniel F. Crilly, Morgan J. Gragin, Richard Curran, Michael Cudahy, J. H. Gregory, Daniel Hardin, M. E. Herbert, M. A. Hickey, Fred K. Higbie, James A. Hogan, Edward Hudson, Wilson F. Keenan, J. B. Jenkins, John Kelly, Thomas F. Keeley, John W. Keys, John Knisely, J. H. Ludden, Martin B. Madden, R. H. Maher, John McAdams, John Cudahy, Andrew Cummings, Martin Cummings, Z. T. Davis, Thos. F. Dovoney, F. A. Devlin, Joseph H. Dimory, John W. Donohue, Thomas N. Donley, Joseph Donnersberger, Austin J. Doyle, James W. Duncan, Daniel W. Duncan, Daniel Duffin, John J. Duffy, J. J. Dunn, William H. Ebbert, Edward G. Elcock, William J. Enright, Robert R. English, Michael Espert, Louis F. Collins, Richard E. Corrigan, J. E. Baggot, Joseph P. Gallagher, John Gibbons, Robert Goldie, Frank H. Graham, Kennett G. Griffiths, Michael McDermott, Hugh P. Moran, William M. Morrison, Francis T. Murphy, M. G. O'Brien, J. Simon O'Donnell, A. B. Perrigo, Harry J. Powers, James M. Reddy, P. H. Rice, James E. Ryan, W. L. Schaub, C. L. Schaar, Thomas B. Skeils, Edward Slattery, E. C. Smith, C. P. Stringfield, Jeremiah Sullivan, George Sunderland, Andrew J. Toolen, John W. Traynor, W. C. Walsh, Richard Walsh, G. K. Wright, James T. Young, William A. Cummings, W. P. Henneberry, John P. McGrath, John P. McCoorty.

Misses Mary Cudahy, Nellie Doyle, Jennie Doyle, Mamie Carney, Frances Heeney, Sarah Hickey, Mollie Bremner, Frances Wright, Lillie Young, Jennie Corrigan, Lizzie McManus, Clara Keeley, Alice Mealiff, Lenora Wild, Anna Flood, Mollie Lydon, Irene Cooke, Mollie Sanders, Laura Griffiths, Tute Bardon, Mae Cella, Jennie Stenson, Katie Wade, Gertie Walsh, Lizzie Elcook, Nellie Slatterly, Kate Keeley, Susie Coyle, Nellie Weadly, Kittie McGraw, May Weldon, Madge Quirk, Mattie Keenan, Tessie Bardon, Carrie English, Anna Kelly, Mollie Casey, Mamie Nelson, Nettie Traynor, Sadie Carney, A. Walsh, Anna Hudson, Emily Thomas, Louisville, Ky.

Messrs. W. W. Alexander, Richard Bauer, James F. Boland, James W. Bremner, Russell P. Butler, D. J. Carroll, Thomas P. Casey, George Cooke, F. D. Kinsella and many others.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE SCAFFOLD.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The sheriff is there with an unctuous grace,
The executioner with his knotted rope:
'Tis a revel of death: for this is a case
Where the man would be mad, who could dream of hope:
A click of a trap, and the convict swings,
Poised in mid air, while his jubilant cry
A note of defiance still rings, and rings
Up the endless wastes of the echoing sky.

O scaffold ours, thy red wine-press
Hath been trod by the best of our bravest sires:
Thy wood was their cross in the wilderness.
Thy wrath was as oil to the troubled fires,
That surged like the lava through breast and breast
'Round the castles, and homes of the alien knaves
Who damned with guilt, what the God-head blessed,
And roystered in gore on the bodies of slaves.

Our lips, if they could, would kiss the wood
That Egan and Sheehy* trod;
And the block, once stained by an Emmet's blood,
Where Thomas street cried for revenge to God.
We would worship in awe and lealty
The gibbet away on an alien strand
In Manchester city, where our martyrs three
Died with a prayer for their native land.
'Twore a sweet sad pleasure for us to steal
Its sting from the grimmest of nature's laws—
To taste new life from the dead we kneel,
Where the dead once fell in the deathless cause.

O scaffold of ours—thy Centaur's ire
Hath the tones of a trumpet to nerve us on.
We follow thy trail thro' the darkness dire,
For we know that it leads to the rising sun,
Thy beams are as beacons to guide us aright,
Thine arms of death are our pillars of life:
Each stain on thy wood is a Nemesis Light
To illumine our hearts when the struggles in rife.
O wood of our bravest, O wood of our best
Sweep with thy flail on the harvest gold,
Thou shalt find us once more at thy behest
Dauntless and bold as our sires of old.

O scaffold, thy steps were a staircase grand
To the Holy of Holies of Martyrdom,
The Sinai mount, where our queen will stand
Transtigured and brave thro' the days to come.
Thy beams were our pillars of hope and faith,
And, tho' through the trap of thy ghastly door,
We see but the skeleton grim in death,
We knew there was life on thy block strewn floor.
For thy floor was a red-robed mystic plain
Where the hero's blood was the fruitful seed,
Nurtured and wrought unto golden grain,
By the radiant rays of each noble deed.

*Bishop Egan of Ross, county Cork, and Father Sheehy of Tipperary.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

IRISH ICEBERGS.

Thomas O'Neill Russell Says That Old Father Shannon Piled Them Up Forty Feet High in Lough Ree Last Winter.

Rain Famine in the Emerald Island Followed by Torrential Storms—Miss Dora Sigerson Soon to be a Bride.

DUBLIN, Nov. 9.—This year has been, in a climatic point of view, one of the most extraordinary that has ever passed over Ireland. The cold and snow in January and February were more severe than ever known before, or at least than ever have been known since thermometers were invented. The mercury went down to five, and in some places to eight degrees below zero; and in some parts of England twelve degrees below zero were registered. Strange as it may seem, it was not nearly so cold in Dublin. Ten above zero was the greatest degree of cold registered by the government thermometers here. The reason of the comparatively mild weather in Dublin last winter is easily explained. It was because of the the east wind that blew almost half a gale during the whole cold spell. It is well known that wind blowing over the water is never very cold in winter and never very hot in summer. Dublin got the full benefit of the Channel breeze during the cold weather, and like all places on the eastern coast of Ireland, was not nearly so cold as in the interior. The ice was eighteen inches thick on Loch Ree, that magnificent expanse of the Shannon between Athlone and Lanesboro. There were sights seen on the shores of that lake last winter that never had been seen there in perhaps all past time—icebergs forty feet high! When the thaw came, it was accompanied by a terrible gale from the west; the broken ice was, consequently, piled up in vast masses on the eastern shore of the lake, until in some places it was forty feet high! Hundreds of people went from many miles inland to look at sights such as no human eye had ever rested on in such localities, at least not since the glacial period. The height of the ice bergs on the shore of Loch Ree some eight or ten miles north of Athlone was found by actual measurement to be in some places over forty feet. The noise of those vast, grinding masses of ice when being piled up in great heaps one over the other was something like thunder, and might, had the weather been calm, have been heard miles away. In some of the narrow glens of Wicklow, the snow was in places, where it had drifted, fifty feet in depth. Last winter in Ireland was something that will never be forgotten by those who experienced it.

Last spring was almost as uncommon and as bad as last winter. From the middle of March till the latter end of June, there was hardly a drop of rain; consequently Ireland presented an extraordinary appearance on the first of July. It was anything in the world but "green Erin." The grass was almost nil. Meadow land that used to grow six tons of hay on an Irish acre, had not as much grass on it the first of July as would feed a goat. Oats looked bike bad, burned grass, and potatoes hardly made their appearance at all. And when the rain did come, it came with a vengeance. From the early part of July until the latter part of August, there were few fine days. When the rain came, one could almost see the grass and grain growing, and in a few weeks, the whole country was one vast sea of verdure. Fine weather again set in about the latter part of August, and from that time to the present there has hardly been a wet day. Never have I seen such a glorious month of September either in Ireland or in America as the September of this year. During the entire month there was hardly a cloud in the sky. It was a continuous blaze of sunshine, and the heat was intense. I started to walk to Lucan, about eight miles from where I live, on the 26th of September, and never did I feel anything hotter in America at the same time of year than the heat of that terrible day. I reached Lucan, half dead, and it may be easily guessed that I did not walk back to Dublin.

In spite of the damage done by the extreme drought of the early part of the year, and by the torrential rains of July and August, the crops are good in Ireland this year. Never have the potatoes been finer or better, and never did Ireland look more supremely beautiful than it did last summer. There was but one thing to mar the beauty of the country last year, and that was the brown furze hedges. Almost every furze bush in the whole country was killed to the roots by the terrible frost of last winter: and as many parts of Ireland grow great quantities of furze, it may be easily conceived how horrible the country looked wherever there was much of them, and they burned as brown as a fox's tail.

The gathering in Dublin on Oct. 6, the anniversary of Parnell's death, was the largest that ever was seen since he died. I never saw in any city in America a larger crowd than there was in Dublin on that day. There could not have been much less than a quarter of a million people in the streets. Three miles of streets were impassable, from the crowds that filled them. Any one who could see Dublin on that day would never think the population was declining. He would very naturally think that there was something wrong in the statistics that would show that its population was less now than it was forty years ago. Several thousands came from different parts of the country to attend the demonstration, but Dublin itself furnished ninety percent of the immense throng.

Our Feis, or musical festival, has not come off yet. It will probably be held sometime in the spring or early summer—on Moore's birthday, probably, if things go on well, and if arrangements can be made by those interested: but no time has yet been fixed. We find it very hard to raise the money necessary for its inauguration. It seems to me that the ideas of most of those who are interesting themselves in it are far too high. They want to make too big a thing of it, and consequently want too much money. As I view the matter, the main thing is to *establish* it: once established, like the Welsh Eisteddfod, money will be easily got.

We are about to lose our young poetess and beauty, Miss Dora Sigerson. She is engaged to the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News* and many other publications in London. He is a fine, liberal Englishman, and by all accounts a splendid fellow. It is a sad thing to have our genius and our beauty leaving Dublin. But after all, she can do more for Ireland in London than if she staid in Dublin, for no book of any kind will now sell if not published in London. Miss Sigerson is one of the most beautiful women in Dublin, and that is saying a great deal. She possesses qualities vastly more precious than beauty, for she is one of the most amiable, unaffected, natural, agreeable, virtuous and supremely charming women, not only in Dublin but in Ireland. There will be many a "scalded heart" after her among the young men of Dublin; but I don't pity them: why didn't they go for her in time? T.O.R.

OBITUARY.

RICHARD J. WALSH.

Last Sunday the sad news of the death of Mr. Richard J. Walsh was received by his relatives and friends in this city from St. Paul, Minn. The news although not altogether a great surprise, was nevertheless received by his large circle of friends with deep sorrow, for he was dearly beloved by all who knew him. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. James Walsh, senior member of the old well-known millinery firm of Walsh & Hutchinson.

For many months the deceased has been suffering until Sunday morning last when death came to his relief. The train conveying the remains from St. Paul to Chicago arrived on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock in charge of his uncle, Mr. P. M. Hennessey; his mother and sister, and other friends, residents of St. Paul, where the deceased had resided for the last three months in the vain hope of recovering his health.

From the Northwestern depot the remains were conveyed to the cathedral of the Holy Name, where a large circle of friends assembled to pay the last tribute of esteem to his memory. High requiem mass was solemnized with Rev. Father Dore as celebrant, Father Fitzsimmons as deacon, and Father Finn as sub-deacon, the organ and choir giving responses. After the solemn mass Rev. Father Dore from the altar delivered an impressive address, selecting as his subject the certainty of death. Today we pay our tribute of respect to our deceased friend, tomorrow it may be one of ourselves; for death is the penalty all must pay. In death there is but one consolation, and that consolation comes from God's divine church, and the blessings we receive from the church militant will follow us to the church triumphant. No sorrow should touch our hearts for such as die a happy death as followers of the teachings of the church. Charity, love and the future life were eloquently dwelt upon, and he concluded with an earnest appeal to his bearers to walk in the faith of mother church. After the religious services the funeral cortage reformed and conveyed the remains to Calvary cemetery where they were interred in the family lot.

The deceased was born in this city, and was 34 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves behind him a wife and two girls, aged 6 and 4 years. His father-in-law Mr. P. J. Towle, of the old firm of Towle and Roper, together with his uncles Col. P. J., P. M., Richard and Thos. Hennessy to mourn his early demise.

The prayers of his faithful and loving friends follow him in death. The pall bearers were Thomas F. Keeley, Eugene McVoy, James Moore, Eugene Keeley, Richard D. Walsh, Wm. F. Evans.

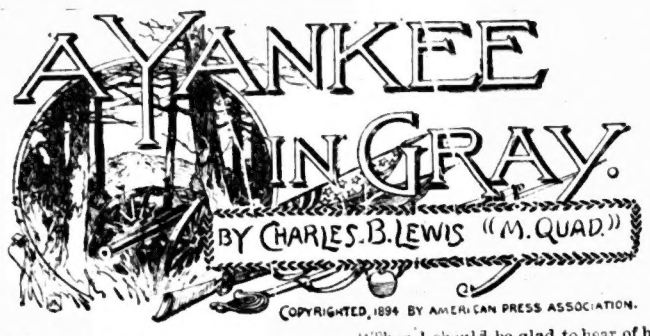
A Lady Makes Money.

Mr. Editor: I am always interested in reading of the success of others and will tell of mine. I tried school teaching, clerking and sewing, all hard work for small pay. I met a lady making $15 a week selling National Dish Washers—best made. I ordered ½ dozen, washed mother's dinner dishes in two minutes, sold all first afternoon; profit $12. The next week I made $37, in a month $148; I am a good talker. I buy of the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O., they are very kind to me; they manufacture aluminum and electric goods, many new, rapid selling articles for agents. Others can do as I have by writing them.

CORA MILTON.

An Old Nurse for Children

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.



CHAPTER V.

It took three days more to enlist the men necessary to fill the ranks of the Shenandoah guards, as the company called itself, and while awaiting orders from Richmond an election of officers was held. Only a few of the volunteers were surprised at Royal Kenton's enlistment. They were men who had but one political belief—state rights. They were not looking beyond it to the southern confederacy, but had enlisted and were going to the front to fight for Virginia. Why shouldn't he fight for his adopted state? So argued the captain, so argued the rank and file and many citizens of the town, and, but for Duke Wyle, Kenton would have been elected second lieutenant of the company. When he saw how things were going, he called Steve Brayton aside and said:

"Look here, Steve, you fellows are as blind as young kittens. If that Yankee hadn't signed the roll, what would have happened to him?"

"Tar and feathers and a ride on a rail!" replied Steve.

"And he was sharp enough to realize it. He enlisted as a blind."

"Shoo! How kin he un bluff that way?"

"We are going to the front. The first chance he gets he will desert to his side. He's playing a Yankee trick on you, and you ain't sharp enough to see it."

"Doggone him, but yo' may be right, lootenant, yo' may be right!"

"Of course I'm right! You just move about right smart and give the boys the tip. Don't even elect him corporal. He's just one o' that sort that if he gets any office at all he'll want to run the whole company."

"And we don't propose to be run?"

"Of course not!"

Steve soon turned the tide against Kenton, and that without any one knowing exactly what was taking place. The citizens of the town were almost as much interested in the election as the members of the company. The old lawyer had left Kenton to settle the matter according to his own judgment. When he heard that the young man had enlisted, he was secretly pleased, and it was his influence which made a number of the rank and file decide on electing Kenton as third officer of the company.

"I am not in the least disappointed," replied Royal when the result of the voting was known and the office had gone to another. "I enlisted without thought of position and prefer the ranks to any place they could give me. Besides, I am a Yankee, you know, and it is only natural that there should be a little feeling in the matter."

There were two callers at the Percy mansion that evening. Duke Wyle came first. As previously stated, he had been a frequent caller for a year or more. Some people had even said that there was an engagement. That was a mistake, however. Try as hard as he could, he could remember little or nothing to encourage him in believing that he was a favored suitor. Neither had he the slightest reason for believing that Royal Kenton had any advantage in that respect. It was simply the fact that he was also a visitor at the house that roused the spirit of jealousy and the desire to work mischief. His reception was cordial by both mother and daughter, and both congratulated him on his election as one of the company officers. This paved the way for him to observe:

"I presume you have heard of the unblushing assurance of the Yankee, as all call him, in making every effort to be elected second lieutenant?"

"Do you refer to Mr. Kenton?" quickly answered Marian.

"Of course. He is the only Yankee I know of in this locality. The men saw through his scheme before it was too late, however."

"Did he have a scheme?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"Most certainly, ma'am—that is, the members of the company fully believed he had."

"What was it?" quietly asked Marian.

"Well, they all think he volunteered to hoodwink us, and that he will desert the first chance he gets."

"But you don't believe it?"

"Well, I—I—I can't say that I do, but he leans toward the north, you know."

"No, I did not know it. He is a Virginian by adoption. He owes her allegiance. He did not enlist until he felt it his duty to go with his state. You did not enlist for any other reason, did you, Mr. Wyle?"

"Of course not, but I'm a born Virginian, you know."

"Well, I think Mr. Kenton acted according to his conscience and best judgment, and that the guards would have had reason to be proud of him as an officer."

"Yes, I think so, too," replied the mother.

The lieutenant realized that he was walking on dangerous ground and let the subject drop, but in his own mind he decided that he had new cause for hating Royal Kenton and removing him from his path. During a moment of silence a plan flashed through his mind, and he presently said:

"It is an old saying, you know, that blood will tell. It may prove false in this case, and I hope it will, for Kenton is a fine young man. Suppose, however, he should actually desert to the Yankees and come back to fight against us?"

"Then I should be glad to hear of his being shot as a deserter and a traitor!" exclaimed the girl as her eyes flashed and her color deepened.

"He would deserve it," added the mother.

Duke Wyle had made his call intending to make every effort to discover just how he stood in Marian Percy's sestima-

Duke makes a call.

tion. The presence of the mother acted as a restraint, and the demeanor of the daughter was not exactly what he had hoped for. In one sense he was disappointed and chagrined. In another he was encouraged and enthusiastic.

"I can wait," he said to himself as he walked down street. "When the news comes back here that Kenton has deserted to the enemy, I shall have the field all to myself!"

The reception of Royal Kenton half an hour later may not have been more cordial, but his visit was more prolonged, and he appeared to glean more comfort from it. When the act of his non-election to position was incidentally referred to, he said:

"I did not seek for any position. Indeed, had it been left to me to accept or decline, I should have remained in the ranks."

"This is only the beginning," replied Marian. "Virginia has always been ready to honor those who honor her. Mother and I both feel a little disappointed, but we know it will come out right in the end."

"Your mind is fully made up?" queried Mrs. Percy, thinking of Duke Wyle's fling about desertion.

"Fully, ma'am," replied Kenton. "I stand or fall with Virginia."

Two days later the company left for the front. Every soul in the ancient village turned out to bid them godspeed and goodby. Marian Percy shook hands with many, with Royal Kenton and Duke Wyle among the number. People remarked that she was excited and enthusiastic, but if her lover was among those over whose heads waved the state flag of Virginia she gave no sign, not even to him.

The Shenandoah guards were made Company A of a Virginia regiment, which was among the first on the battlefield of Bull Run. When it was known that the Federals would attack, when they were observed marching out of Centerville on that July morning to find the Confederates and give battle, Lieutenant Wyle found opportunity to say to Steve Brayton, who had been made a sergeant in the company:

"Well, it seems that Yankee is with us yet."

"He un's right on hand, lootenant," was the reply.

"How has he behaved himself?"

"Right well, I take it. Hain't heard one o' the men find any fault."

"He's a deep one, Steve—deeper than I thought. He's been biding his time. If he gets a chance today, he'll go over to the Yankees. This is what he has been waiting for."

"Shoo! But yo' don't think so?"

"Of course I do. The captain wants you to make it your business today, in case the Yankees come out, to watch him. If he makes a break, shoot him in the back! Better tell the rest of the boys, so as to make sure of him."

"Reckon the Yanks will pitch in?"

"Pretty sure to."

"Goin to be a reg'lar fout?"

"Looks like it."

"Waal, doggone my hide if I hain't feelin rather shaky in my legs already, and yo' don't look none too peart, lootenant, but I reckon I kin keep an eye on the Yankee if the shootin don't get too heavy!"

"Shoot him right down if he makes a break!"

"Jest so, unless I'm shot first. I've bin achin fur a fout fur the past three months, but durn my skin if I don't wish I was back in camp and the Yankees 50 miles off! What's the use in all this fussin anyhow? Why can't we all sot down and hev a talk and fix things up?"

CHAPTER VI.

Only a small portion of the Confederate forces made pursuit of the retreating Federal army and that so slowly that there was no fighting. The regiment to which the Shenandoah guards was attached moved down from the plateau and went into camp. It had been broken and defeated, and yet it had rallied and won a reputation. Every one of the 10 companies had been more or less disorganized, but the guards perhaps worst of all. That this company should have been led back into the hottest of the fight by a private, and that it should have brought off the field one of the guns over which the fight had been so bloody, furnished occasion for remarks throughout the entire brigade.

Duke Wyle was no coward. There wasn't a taint of craven blood in his veins. It was so also with his fellow lieutenant. The fall of the captain and the rush of the Federals had stampeded officers as well as men. War was a new thing, and few had served an apprenticeship. Wyle followed the company back, but in the hurly burly became separated from it. He knew it was Royal Kenton carrying the flag and leading. He saw the gun brought off, and he saw General Jackson halt the coatless, hatless and powder begrimed men to question them.

"He's a brick even if he is a Yankee, and I'll shake hands with him!" said the lieutenant to himself as he advanced to rejoin his company.

That was Duke Wyle, the man. He hadn't taken 30 steps before Duke Wyle, the rival lover, cursed the luck which had given to another all the glory he had hoped to win, and he growled:

"I owe him another for this, and I can't pay him off any too soon!"

The first man of his company he encountered was Steve Brayton. If Steve had given way in the knees before the fight opened, he had pulled himself together in good shape as soon as he smelled powder. He had been the first man to turn and follow Kenton, and he had fought beside him to capture the gun.

"Waal, lootenant," grinned Steve as he awkwardly saluted, "I kept my eye on that Yankee all the time, but I didn't hev to shoot him!"

"Curse him, but what business had he to assume command of the company?" replied Wyle. "I was just about to halt and re-form when you fools all rushed off after him!"

"Yes—I see!" remarked Steve, "but I wouldn't find any fault if I was yo'. We uns is the only company in the regiment which captured a cannon, and the boys feel as peart as game chickens about it. Reckon I wouldn't say nuthin agin the Yankee either! It won't look exactly right, you see!"

"You and the Yankee have suddenly become bosom friends!" sneered the officer.

"Not exactly, lootenant, but I hain't got nuthin agin him no mo'. If he un's a Yankee spy, we orter hev about 10,000 mo' of 'em on our side!"

Late that evening after the stragglers had rejoined their commands and order had been brought out of confusion Lieutenant Wyle received an order to report at brigade headquarters. On his arrival he was admitted to the presence of General Jackson, who had that day won his famous sobriquet of "Stonewall."

"Lieutenant Wyle," said the general as he received him, "I am sorry to learn that your captain is so severely wounded that it will be months before he will be able to take the field again. I saw him in the field hospital two hours ago and congratulated him on the heroism displayed by his company. I wish also to congratulate you, and through you each and every man. That was a grand rally made in the face of disaster. One of your men acted like a hero of old. If you will give me his name, I will see that he is promoted to the position he deserves. He is a private, is he not?"

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the lieutenant, confused and chagrined that his rival should be thus honored. "His name, sir, is Ike"——

It was on his tongue to rob Royal Kenton of his laurels and transfer them to Ike Baxter, but he could not do it.

"It was a private named Kenton, I believe," he said as he lifted his eyes to those of the general again.

"Thanks. He is a brave man, and you ought to be proud of him. You must not feel put out about it, lieutenant. All of us are new to war yet. Coolness will come with experience. I have no fault to find with any of the officers or men. That's all, sir."

The officer saluted and retired and made his way back to his company. But for one thing he would have sent for Royal Kenton and offered him his hand and his congratulations. Both loved the same maiden. Even if both had stood on the same footing in her estimation when the company left the valley events had occurred that day which would give his rival the lead.

The first thing Lieutenant Wyle did after reaching his lines was to send for Ike Baxter. He was much of the same mold as Steve Brayton—a small farmer, shiftless and uneducated and having a decided distaste for anything like hard work, but far more bigoted in his sectional feelings. He was not one of the handful Kenton had rallied and led back, but was forced up with others later on and had his musket been examined after the battle was over it would have been discovered that it had not been once discharged.

"Ah, I am glad to see you, my brave boy!" said the lieutenant as Ike came scuffing into his tent. "I want to compliment and congratulate you on the pluck and bravery you displayed in that battle. I had my eye on you most of the time, and I never saw a cooler man in the face of danger."

"Yo'—yo' doan' mean it, lootenant!" gasped Ike, who fully realized that his conduct was open to censure instead of praise.

"Mean it? Of course I do! I am proud to have such a brave man in the ranks of the company. As the captain is badly wounded I shall probably be promoted soon, and I will see that you are made corporal at least."

"I enlisted to fight them dod durned Yankees, and I went for 'em the best I knowed how," said Ike, who had recovered from his surprise and was now willing to take all the credit extended.

"Yes, you did a power to help drive 'em back," replied the officer, "and I'll see that you are properly rewarded. By the way, Ike, what are the men saying about that Yankee?"

"He un can't be no Yank."

"Why not?"

"Why, he un fout dead agin 'em. They all is sayin that he's a snorter to fight. Reckon he'll get office."

"Look here, Ike, don't you be taken in and done for like the rest! Do you know why he enlisted?"

"On account of tar and feathers, I reckon."

"Exactly. You had him boxed up that night. He wasn't ready to skip, and he was afraid of being coated. He reckoned on deserting to his friends when we got down here."

"Then why didn't we uns fix 'em?"

"We had our eyes on him, but he was too sharp for us. He knew we were watching him, and he didn't dar' to bolt. He had a better plan than that. When he grabbed that flag and led you back—and I saw you were one of the first to follow—do you know what his plan was?"

"To git that cannon, I reckon."

"No, sir! No, sir! He fooled the whole pack of you! He intended to lead you into a trap and get you all captured."

"Yo' doan' say!"

"But I do! I know all about it. If I hadn't followed on with the rest of the company, not one of you would have got back alive."

"Then, dod rot his Yankee hide, why doan' we uns jump right onto him heavy?" shouted the excited Ike.

"Because we've no positive proofs, you see. He's been too deep and sly thus far. You see, he's even fooled almost every man in our company. You haven't no love fur Yankees, I take it!"

"Dod rot 'em, I reckon I killed about 20 of 'em down thar', but I wish it had been a hundred!"

"I wish this fellow was out of our company," mused Wyle. "So long as he is with us we have got to be on our guard against his Yankee tricks. He'd feel proud to take us all over to the Yankees."

"Why doan' yo' un git him out?" asked Ike after a moment's reflection.

"I'd like to, but how can I? I've just come from brigade headquarters, where General Jackson asked after him and as much as said he'd promote him. He'll probably give him the place I want you to have. He's fooled Jackson the same as he has the rest of us."

"And Jackson will make he un a corporal?" asked Ike.

"Sure to."

"Say, lootenant," whispered Ike as he drew a step nearer, "I reckon I know how to get that Yank outer this company!"

"How?"

"Shoot him out!"

"I—I don't understand!"

"If he un goes, do I git to be corporal?"

"Yes."

"Then yo' leave it to me! Mebbe it will take a week or two, but yo' bet yo'r last dollar he un's got to go!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANNOUNCING LEE'S SURRENDER.

The Booming of Cannon at Daylight Gave the News to Washington.

Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until 500 were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor.

But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington, and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers, for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if Jeff Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender.

The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks, so did many business firms, and the treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundred" with thrilling, even tear compelling, effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the president was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star Spangled Banner."—Noah Brooks in Century.

The young man whose salary wasn't long enough by several lengths to reach to all the points he wanted it to had been harassed that morning by numerous persons with bills and bills and bills. About noon, at which time he had lost count of them, his landlady's husband appeared with another for the past month's provender.

"What's this?" he asked, displaying considerable annoyance.

"Your board bill for the month."

"Well, I'll not pay it," he exclaimed, throwing it on his desk. "Do all you people think I have no use for money except to pay bills with?" and he invited the caller to get out.—Detroit Free Press.

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DEATH IN A CHASM.

Cleveland Appalled by a Horror at a Drawbridge.

A CONDUCTOR'S TERRIBLE MISTAKE

Carries Himself and Eighteen Others to a Drop Into an Open Draw, Down 101 Feet to Death—A Case of Inexplicable Absence of Mind That Has Plunged Cleveland Into Mourning.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 18.—The people of this city stood appalled when they realized the full horror of the terrible accident which occurred Saturday evening on the big Central viaduct. It was the worst accident that had ever happened in this city, and the story of how the motor car loaded with men, women and children had plunged through the open draw, straight down 101 feet into the river, was told over and over again. The Central viaduct is a huge stilt bridge, 3,000 feet long, made of iron. It connects the heights and the prosperous residence section on the south side with the business center of the city. Directly over the river is a draw bridge of the pivot-swinging pattern, and this is 101 feet above the surface of the water. The South Side Street railway passes over the bridge and on either side of the draw there is a safety switch, which—unless the conductor alights and holds up a handle—will send a car into the gutter instead of allowing it to go on the draw.

Impossible to Tell How It Happened.

How it happened will probably never be known, but the conductor alighted as usual, went forward, and then deliberately—although the bridge was plainly open and a vessel passing through the draw right before his eyes—raised the lever, gave the motorman the signal to go ahead, jumped on the car as it passed him and rode over the brink to his death. Just as impossible is it to account for the action of the motorman, who was saved by jumping, and is under arrest. He was on the front of the car, of course, in full view of the bridge, could see—if he looked—the red light, which is always the danger signal, and yet he went on at the signal of the conductor.

Over the Brink to Eternity.

The motorman's name is Rogers, and he has been employed for four years. The conductor was equally experienced. The officers of the company are at a loss to explain the accident. The terrible fact remains, however, that the car shot forward and struck the gates with a crash. There was only a moment's pause, and then the heavy car ground its way through the wreckage and plunged over the brink into the black abyss, amid the screams and frantic struggles of the passengers who at the first intimation of danger rushed for the rear door. The car struck the water with a great splash and then there was silence, until was heard the rush of the patrol wagons and ambulances, the muffled roar of the coming multitude and the noise of the tugs that soon arrived at the scene.

List of Dead and Missing.

With feverish haste the work of recovering the bodies went on all night and until it was announced by the divers that there were no more bodies in the river. The list of dead and missing is as follows: Killed—James McLaughlin, base ball player; Henry W. Mecklenburg, merchant tailor; Edward Hoffman, conductor; Mrs. John A. Sauerheimer; Miss Bessie Davis, school teacher; Harry W. Foster, clerk; Mrs. Minnie C. Brown; Curt Lepehne; Mrs. A. W. Hoffman; Harvey Hoffman, 7 years old; Mrs. Martha Palmer; Marie Mitchen; Augusta Sarinski; Gertie Hoffman, 4½ years old; Louis F. Huletz, mail carrier. Missing—Miss Martha Sauerheimer; —— Looney, 9 years old; B. C. Page and Matthew Callahan.

SCENES OF EXTREME PATHOS.

One of the Bereaved Tries to Drown Himself—Motorman's Story.

The scenes about the river while the work of rescue was being prosecuted were pathetic in the extreme. It was a sad crowd, and out of respect for the unfortunate dead but very little noise was made. Occasionally the wild scream of some frantic woman who believed some one dear to her was among the unfortunate ones would echo over the flats, only to be taken up at a distance by some other woman whose heart was breaking over her loss.

As the bodies were passed from the fire boat to the willing hands on shore every few feet some woman would step out from the crowd, peer into the face of the dead as it passed, and "It's not him, thank God," she would say. As the body of a young boy was taken from the fire boat an old lady nearly fell into the river in her anxiety to see the face of the dead. She would not be put back. She threw herself on the body, looked into the face and cried: "Thank God." Falling upon her knees she raised her voice to heaven and prayed as only a mother could under the circumstances.

At another spot two men were trying to hold an almost distracted woman. She believed her husband was on the ill-fated car and was almost insane with grief. Women and children went this and that way, screaming and jostling each other; women tearing their hair and calling upon God to save their dear ones. Women fainted and were trampled on by the mad, rushing and insane crowd. It was impossible to keep any kind of order and the effort was finally abandoned. It was a crowd with a common grief. Not one of the multitude but thought that perhaps a brother, mother, father or sister was at the moment lying cold in death at the bottom of the river.

The finding of the body of little Gertie Hoffman filled the cup of sorrow for A. W. Hoffman, a grocery salesman living at 1408 Pearl street. She was the last member of his family. His wife and son Harvey, the latter aged 7, were taken from the river earlier. When Hoffman realized what had happened to him he became bereft of his reason. Rushing to the river, he plunged in and tried to drown himself, but was rescued by his friends who took him away and tried to comfort him.

August Rogers, the motorman, is detained at the Central station, though he is held only as a witness before the coroner. He talked about the accident and said: "When my motor reached the switch at the approach of the draw in the viaduct I shut off the current and applied the brake. The car came to a full stop and the conductor ran ahead and threw the switch. He motioned me ahead with a wave of his arm. I put my lever at the first notch and as I passed the conductor I looked back, as I always do, and saw him get on the rear platform. Looking ahead I thought I saw the gates at the draw closed over the track, but as my lights were burning and I had current the thought occurred to me that my eyes must have been at fault."

"When you first saw the gates of the draw were your lights burning and did you have a current?"

"I did have a current and my lights were burning. That is the reason why I thought of no danger. When the draw is open the lights usually go out, but it was not the case at the time of the accident, as I can swear. As I told you, I was surprised when I saw the gates and knew that I had both light and current, which has never been the case before when the gates have been closed, as the swinging of the bridge cuts off the current, and, of course, when this is done the lights go out."

"How do you account for the strange fact?"

"I cannot account for it, but I swear that it was so. I have never had an accident of any kind, until this one, and I believe this will kill me." Rogers is terribly moved by the accident. When his wife said to him: "But it was no fault of yours," he replied: "No, but think of it. Oh my God! Just think of it." It was some time before he could go on with his story.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 19.—It has been definitely settled that one of the safe-guards provided by the street railway company at the Central viaduct drawbridge to prevent accidents has been out of order for three week. It was a device of levers so arranged that when the safety gates at the approaches to the draw were closed the current would be shut off for a distance of 500 feet on each side of the river. This was the reason the lights in the car did not go out, which would have warned the motorman.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 19.—The recovered dead of the bridge disaster now number seventeen, the bodies of Miss Martha Sauerheimer and Matthews Calliman having been recovered by dragging the river. Rogers, the motorman, has been held without bail for two weeks. A thorough investigation will by that time show whether he should be held longer.

FATAL FIRE AT DETROIT.

Match Factory Burns, Three Lives Are Lost and Six Persons Are Injured.

DETROIT, Nov. 18.—Watchman Wagner, at the factory of the Improved Match company, stumbled into a tray of matches, igniting them. Becoming excited he kicked the tray, scattering the burning matches in all directions and causing the loss of three lives and the destruction of the factory. The loss on property is $60,000. Six persons were more or less severely hurt. The names of the dead are: Reuben Davis, night foreman, 24 years old; John Wagner night watchman, an elderly man; Agnes Yettke, 17 years old.

The three burned to death lost their lives in trying to put out the fire. Before they were aware of their danger flames sprung up all around them and they were unable to escape. The injured are: Thomas Smidt, burned on face, back and arms, injuries serious but not fatal; Tony Pokrifka, not serious; Lizzie Kattanaske, nose broken and otherwise injured by falling down stairs; Annie Schulte, burned on neck; John Antaya and William E. Kennedy, suffocated by sulphur, not serious.

Odd Fellows of Illinois Meet.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 19.—The grand encampment of the I. O. O. F. of Illinois met here this morning. The annual reports of the grand officers show the order to be in a healthy condition. Grand Scribe Smith in his report says: "The gains in working encampments during the last year have been substantial, while the loss in membership has not been such as to cause surprise when we consider the dull times, difficulty in obtaining work and the low prices for farm products and wages of workmen." Grand Master Henry Phillips in his annual report says that there are now in this jurisdiction 850 subordinate lodges, with an aggregate membership of 52,000, and 420 Rebekah lodges, with a total membership of 22,000.

Democratic National Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 16.—S. P. Sheerin, secretary of the Democratic national committee, says that he will issue a call for a meeting of the committee early in December. He does not believe any one can foretell with any degree of certainty where the next convention will be held. "The members of the committee have not been consulting by letter as they usually do," said he. "My correspondence with cities that are after the convention is getting very heavy. San Francisco, St. Louis, Buffalo and Pittsburg are working industriously for the convention. New York also wants it; also Chicago."

Governors at Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Nov. 16.—Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, and his staff; Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, and his staff, with Pennsylvania state officials; Governor Lippitt, of Rhode Island, and staff, held a public reception in the Auditorium at the exposition. The members of the Cleveland chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' club of Philadelphia, the Pen and Pencil club, of the same city, the members of the International League of Press clubs, Ohio Press association, Michigan Editorial association, Mississippi Press association, and thousands of southerners attended the reception.

Doings of the Knights of Labor.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—A resolution was passed by the K. of L. convention reciting that the Knights of Labor "do hereby declare in favor of the immediate recognition of the Cubans as belligerents." An amendment to the constitution was passed making any person over 16 years of age eligible for membership in the order unless he be a manufacturer or dealer in wines, liquors, or beer, a lawyer, banker, stockbroker, or gambler. The assembly decided to reduce the charter fee from $15 to $8.

Strike of Housesmiths at Gotham.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Housesmiths to the number of 800 are on a strike here against J. B. & J. M. Cornell and Milliken Bros. for higher wages, new regulations for overtime and Sunday work, recognition of the union and proscription of non-union men. If the employes hold out a sympathetic strike will be called, which will involve from 5,000 to 10,000 men. The state board of arbitration is trying to settle the trouble.

Duke and Duchess Sail for England.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The duke and duchess of Marlborough have sailed for England by the North-German Lloyd's steamship Fulda. A large number of friends of the young couple were at the steamer's dock in Hoboken to bid them farewell.

RUNS AMUCK WITH A HATCHET.

Negro School Teacher Badly Gashes Two Men and Two Women.

EMPORIA, Kas., Nov. 19.—Word has just reached here of a terrible affair at Dunlap, about thirty miles northwest of Emporia. David Henderson, a colored school teacher, feloniously assaulted Dora Ray, a colored pupil, aged 14 years. It was the second attempt. The matter was brought before the school board and through the efforts of a lawyer was smoothed over. This did not suit Samuel Ray, father of Dora, and a quarrel and fight ensued.

Henderson split Ray's head with a hatchet, and in making his escape from the room attacked Mrs. Ray, her daughter, Mrs. McFall, and Thomas Starkey, all of whom were chopped in the head with the sharp edge of the hatchet and terribly injured. Henderson is now at large and every effort is being made to capture him. So far as can be learned none of the injured have died, though all are in a critical condition.

CHICAGO LETTER CARRIERS.

Sixteen of Them Will Be Fired for Offenses Reported by Sleuths.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—First Assistant Postmaster General Jones has decided the Chicago letter carriers' cases upon the reports of the special agents and the written defenses of the carriers, together with the oral statements of the latter made at Chicago to Superintendent Machen, of the free delivery system. The letter to Postmaster Hesing was sent yesterday. The cases are disposed of as follows:

Sixteen ordered removed from the service, six suspended for thirty days, two suspended for twenty days, three suspended for fifteen days, fourteen suspended for ten days, thirty suspended for five days, thirty-one suspended for two days, four suspended for one day, four reprimanded, and twenty-two satisfactorily explained the facts reported by the agents.

WILL SEE SOME BIG WARSHIPS.

Joint Naval Demonstrations to Bring the Sultan to Terms—Turkish Stories.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The Vienna correspondent of The Daily News says a Constantinople dispatch received there reports that the ambassadors will today give notice to the sultan of their intention to arrange for a joint naval demonstration.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The Turkish legation here has received another batch of alleged Armenian atrocities on the Turks, in which every species of deviltry is ascribed to the sultan's Christian subjects. On the other hand news from the seat of trouble received at London says that the closest search fails to find in the disturbed districts a single Turk who has been hurt, while the dead and wounded Armenians number thousands.

Tanner a Candidate for Governor.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—John R. Tanner has resigned the chairmanship of the Illinois state Republican central committee and announced himself as candidate for governor. This action was taken at a meeting of the committee held at the Great Northern hotel. Dr. T. N. Jamieson was selected to succeed him as chairman of the committee, and Ira C. Copley was made chairman of the executive committee. Tanner's announcement was in the form of an explanation of the reasons for tendering his resignation, which were in brief that the desire of his friends that he should run for governor made the office of chairman of the state committee an embarrassment.

Silver Men Meet Jan. 22, 1896.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The executive committee of the American Bimetallic league has unanimously adopted a resolution accepting the invitation of the national silver committee of Chicago, in calling a conference of those who believe in the free coinage of gold and silver at 16 to 1 independently of other countries to meet at Washington Jan. 22, 1896, for the purpose of arranging for a national convention. By the terms of the resolution each organization is to be equally represented, neither to have more than twenty-five representatives.

Tim Healy and O'Connor Expelled.

DUBLIN, Nov. 15.—Representatives of the Irish parliamentary party now meeting in Dublin, by a vote of 33 to 224, adopted a motion to expel Timothy Healy and Arthur O'Connor from the governing committee of the party. John Dillon, M. P., offered a motion with a view to carrying out the suggestion of Archbishop John Walsh, of Toronto, favoring the holding of a national convention of the representatives of the Irish race throughout the world. Dillon's motion was carried.

Nes Perces Reservation Opened.

SPOKANE, Nov. 19.—The Nez Perces Indian reservation in Idaho was opened at noon yesterday. There was no firing of guns or any other signals given. No excitement or disturbances of a serious character have been reported. Probably not over 3,000 locations will be made this fall. There was no lining up for a grand rush, but the people at noon were all over the reservation, each on his chosen quarter section.

Suicide of an Ex-Surrogate.

CLINTON, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Ex-Surrogate Joseph S. Avery, aged 69, committed suicide by drowning himself in his cistern. He was surrogate of Oneida county for fourteen years. Mr. Avery had been suffering from melancholia for several weeks. He leaves besides a wife, one daughter, Mrs. Theodore H. Allen of Mendota, Ills.

New Comet Discovered.

SAN JOSE, Cal., Nov. 18.—Professor J. M. Schaberle telephones from Mount Hamilton as follows: A bright comet was discovered in constellation Virgo by Mr. B. D. Perrins at Lick observatory at 5:40 Sunday morning in right ascension 13 hours 44 minutes north, declination 1 degree 40 minutes.

Short in His Accounts.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 18.—Charles O. Hoffman, assistant cashier of the New Orleans Brewing association is reported to be about $20,000 short in his accounts. Hoffman's whereabouts is unknown. It is stated that false entries on the books was the method resorted to by Hoffman.

THE DEATH RECORD.

ALONZO C. WOOD, prominent in Grand Army and Masonic circles, at Chicago.

R. L. GAULT, the Canadian cotton king, at Montreal.

JOHN KANE, an old resident of Laporte, Ind.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings of the Past Few Days Gathered Here and There Throughout the State—Telegraphic Reports of Events That Will Interest Our Readers.

PRINCETON, Ills., Nov 18.—The thirteen Spring Valley men who have been on trial here the last three weeks on the charge of assaulting the entire colored population of Spring Valley last August with deadly weapons, with intent to cause them to leave the county against their will, were found guilty by the jury in the circuit court and all were given a penitentiary verdict except John Tista, who, on account of being under age, was sent to the reform school. Raymen Jordin, who pleaded guilty during the trial, is also subject to a penitentiary verdict, making the total number convicted fourteen.

Some others were included in the indictment returned by the grand jury, but they left the country soon after the riot and have never been arrested. Those convicted are, by nationalities: Italian—Peter Marietta, John Bartolio, Dominic Bartino, John Rochi, Lewis Bozetto, Joe Lemor, John Tista. Polanders—Peter Budvit, Joe Schneider and Paul Yerty. French—Jean Brault. German—John Lauer. American—John Quimby. A curious commentary on the reliability of testimony is that absolute alibis were sworn to in the case of twelve of these men, by an average of five witnesses in each case.

BUSBY DISCLAIMS ANY FRAUD.

Makes, If Anything, a More Remarkable Defense Than Newby.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 15.—James E. Busby, charged with attempting to defraud the government by applying for a pension under the name of George W. Eaton, was brought here from Colusa, where he was arrested by the federal authorities. Two years ago Busby applied for a pension, claiming that he had served in the army as George W. Eaton. Since then Eaton has turned up.

Busby has been set down for a fraud. He insists, however, that he took Eaton's place in the army after the latter had left the service and declares that no less than twenty of his old comrades will swear to his identity and service in the army. The prisoner has been taken to Kansas City, where the application for the pension was made.

Ran Away To Be Married.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Nov. 18.—Miss Pearl Andrus Miner, stepdaughter of Edwin H. Miner, a prominent attorney of Bloomington, eloped with Frederick Johnson, a young man of this city. They went to Peoria, where, upon their arrival, they were married. Soon thereafter they departed for Lincoln, Neb., where they will make their home. The bride is the granddaughter of William Van Scholck, a capitalist of Bloomington. There was no objection to the marriage, but on account of the bride's usefulness it was the wish of her relatives that it should be deferred.

Proper Way to Meet Whitecaps.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Nov. 16.—Theodore Hansow, of Belvidere, whose wife committed suicide a month ago because of domestic infelicity, Wednesday married a young girl named Augusta Koch at that place. There was considerable indignation at this manifestation of his heartlessness, as it was claimed that the abuse of his wife drove her to her death. That night a crowd went to Hansow's house for the purpose of using a little whitecap argument. They were met at the door by Hansow and the business end of a gun. The retreat was silent and rapid.

Verdict Against the City.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 15.—After a ten days' hotly contested trial, the jury returned a verdict against the city of Peoria in favor of the Fruin-Bambrick company for $55,000, in payment for the Perry avenue asphalt pavement laid one year ago. The city had contested payment charging that land asphalt was used and material was "not equal to the best Trinidad pitch lake asphalt," as stipulated in the contract.

Democratic Nomination for Judge.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Nov. 15.—Delegates representing the Democrats of the Sixth judicial district of Illinois assembled here for the purpose of nominating a successor to the late Justice Bailey, of the supreme court. The nominee of the convention is Judge A. A. Wolfersberger, of Sterling.

State Notes.

Supervisors of Knox county, Ills., in special session, voted to appropriate $20,000 toward the purchase of a site for the western asylum for the insane provided the citizens of Galesburg raise $10,00, more.

Josie Hurley, 17 years old, whose parents live on a farm in DeKalb county, Ills. was arrested in Chicago on a charge of stealing a pocketbook containing $50 from Mrs. W. A. Buhel, of Sycamore, Ills.

It is reported at Washington that "Joe" Cannon is a candidate for the senate seat now held by General Palmer, of Illinois.

The new Illinois insane asylumn will be located at Bartonville on a 314-acre tract of land.

The postoffice department has offered a reward of $250 for the capture of Thomas Noonan, who escaped from jail at Peoria, Ills.

N. T. Watson, furnishing goods, Decatur, Ills., has assigned. Liabilities, $5,741; assets, $5,600.

The convicted Spring Valley rioters in jail at Princeton, Ills., made an attempt to escape, and would probably have succeeded if another prisoner had not "given them away."

Suppressed the Mutiny.

MADRID, Nov. 18.—During the voyage of the steamer Catalina to Havana with 170 convicts and 300 volunteers for Cuba on board, the convicts and volunteers made an attempt to seize the vessel. A bloody conflict ensued, but the crew and marines on board were successful in suppressing the mutiny. Twenty of the mutineers have been sent back to Spain for trial.

Sunk the Vulcan.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—The British steamer James Turpie, Captain Smith, from Genoa Nov. 6 for New York, has arrived at Gibraltar with her bows seriously damaged from coming into collision with and sinking the British steamer Vulcan, from Antwerp Nov. 7 for Odessa. Two of the Vulcan's crew were lost. The remainder were brought to Gibraltar by the James Turpie.

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA" DEAD.

Dr. S. F. Smith Stricken with Heart Disease in a Boston Railway Station.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Dr. S. F. Smith, of Newton, the venerable author of "America," died in this city at 4:50 o'clock Saturday afternoon from heart failure. He was in the corridor of the New England station and was awaiting the departure of a train when he was seized with a fit. He

REV. DR. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

sank to the floor in a semi-conscious condition and only spoke a few inarticulate words afterwards. He was put in an ambulance and taken to the hospital, but was dead when the ambulance arrived. He had evidently expired within five minutes after the attack. He had been very feeble for some time, but was able to appear out as usual.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., author, poet and linguist, was born Oct. 21, 1808, at Boston. He attended the Elliott school in Boston and won the Franklin scholarship in 1825. He was graduated from Harvard college in 1829 and immediately began studying for the ministry at Andover Theological seminary, from which institution he was graduated in 1832. During his course at college he acquired four different languages. He was ordained a minister in the Baptist church, served in the pulpit and as professor of languages, edited the Christian Review, and did duty in various other positions in his church.

For five years between 1875 and 1880 he traveled abroad and visited nearly all the missionary fields of the world. He was a prolific writer both of books and for periodicals and was proficient in fifteen languages. He was also a hymn and song writer and a composer. The last times he appeared on the public platform were April 3 last, when he was given a testimonial by the people of New England in Music Hall, this city, and at the late Christian Endeavor meeting, where he read an original hymn set to the tune of "America." Dr. Smith left three sons and two daughters. Among them are F. S. Smith, of Davenport, Ia.; Rev. D. A. W. Smith, a missionary in Burmah, and E. W. Smith, of Chicago.

Threw Her Babe Out a Window.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Nov. 18.—Maggie Keity, a 19-year-old domestic, threw her newly born babe from a second story window. The body was found several hours later. The mother is hovering between life and death.

Earthquake Felt in Missouri.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 19.—An earthquake shock was felt here at 9:50 p. m. Sunday, the vibrations lasting about three seconds. No damage was done. Those asleep at the time were awakened.

Of Interest to Theatre-Goers.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19.—Judge Wilson, in a case appealed by theatrical ticket speculators, has decided that no reserved seats can be sold after the doors are opened for any given performance.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486@486½ for demand, and 485¾@485 for sixty days; posted rates 488½ and 490; commercial bills, 4 85¾.

Silver certificates, 67½@68; no sales; bar silver, 67½. Mexican dollars, 54.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 121¼; do coupons, 121¼; 5's reg., 115; 5's coupons, 115; 4's reg., 111¾; coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 102.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 56¾c, closed 56⅝c, December, opened 57¼c, closed 57⅛c; May, opened 61¾c, closed 61⅝c. Corn—November, opened 23c, closed 23c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27⅝c; May, opened 29⅝c, closed 29¼c. Oats—November, nominal, closed 17¾c; December, opened 18¼c, closed 17⅞c; May, opened 20⅜c, closed 20⅛c. Pork—December, nominal, closed $8.00; January, opened $9.02½, closed $8.95; May, opened $9.40, closed $9.35. Lard—December, nominal, closed $5.42½; January, opened $5.52½, closed $5.55.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22@25 per lb.; extra dairy, 19c; packing stock, 9@11c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 19½c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 6½@7c per lb.; old hens, 6c; roosters, 4c; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 9@9½c; geese, $5.00@6.50 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@23c per bu.; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.75@2.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 14lb sections, fancy, 13@14c; broken comb, 12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb. Cranberries—Cape Cod, $7.50@8.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 32,000; sales ranged at $3.20@3.65 pigs, $3.40@3.70 light, $3.35@3.50 rough packing, $3.40@3.70 mixed, and $3.55@3.72½ heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,500; quotations ranged at $4.65@4.95 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.10@4.60 good to choice do., $3.55@4.10 fair to good, $3.30@3.65 common to medium do., $2.90@3.40 butchers' steers, $2.15@2.85 stockers, $3.00@3.75 feeders, $1.20@3.50 cows, $2.40@3.70 heifers, $1.75@4.50 bulls, $2.60@3.25 Texas steers, $2.85@3.90 western range steers and $3.00@6.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $1.75@3.30 westerns, $1.75@2.40 Texas, $1.75@3.50 natives, and $2.50@4.50 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 18.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58½c; No. 1 northern, 58½c; May, 61⅝c. Corn—No. 3, 24c. Oats—No. 2 white, 19¾c; No. 3 do., 18¾@19c. Barley—No. 2, 30c; samples, 22@35c. Rye—No. 1, 37½c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 18.

Wheat—Cash, 63½c; December, 58½c; May, 62⅝c. Corn—Cash, 25c; December, 24⅝c; May, 26½@26¾c. Oats—Cash, 18c; December, 18½c; May, 20⅝c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Nov. 18.

Wheat—Cash and November, 60½c bid; December, 60½c bid; May, 62½c bid; No. 3 soft, 62¾c bid. Corn—Cash, 29½c; No. 3, 28½c. No. 2 yellow, 28½c. Oats—May, 21½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Nov. 13.

The home of ex-Senator Palmer (of Michigan) at Detroit was gutted by fire, some of the loss being irreparable, one item being a complete World's fair record, the only one in existence.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was 80 years old yesterday.

The steamer Puritan (which ran aground in Long Island sound because the fog horns near by could not be heard, although they were blowing continually,) has been floated.

The Lawrence Beach hotel, at Lawrence, one of the largest summer hotels on Long Island, was destroyed by fire with its contents. The total loss, it is thought, will not fall short of $300,000.

The Vossische Zeitung says that at least ten women in Paris have official permission to wear male garb. One of these is Rosa Bonheur, the well-known painter; another is the proprietor of a printing office; another is a bearded woman; the rest are painters and women afflicted with bodily ailments or malformations.

Thursday, Nov. 14.

Lord Sholto Douglass' mother-in-law has not tried to horsewhip him, but it is not improbable that his lordship and wife will be separated shortly.

The National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers is holding its annual convention at Washington. Its business is done in secret.

Ex-Senator Spooner was severely hurt by a fall from a car step at Tacoma. He will have to lay up for several days, but his injury is not necessarily serious.

The largest crowd ever assembled at Tahlequah, I. T., was at the opening of the Cherokee legislature and the convening of the first United States court ever held in Tahlequah. Judge William M. Springer presides in the court.

Returns collected by The Iron Age show that the rate of production of pig iron had reached the enormous total of 217,308 tons per week on Nov. 1. The October production is estimated at 915,346 tons, as contrasted with 763,334 tons in July.

A heavy rain has been general all over Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa, and Kansas, and it is still raining. There is either rain or snow all through the Missouri valley and west of the Colorado line.

Friday, Nov. 15.

Joseph Huntal, a tailor, at Chicago, 23 years old, shot and killed himself. He was out of work and despondent.

An English syndicate has purchased the four principal breweries in Halifax, paying $500,000.

A car-load of foundlings, tots 2 and 3 years old, passed through Chicago on the way to homes in the west. They were from the New York Foundling and Orphan asylum.

The international convention of the Women's and Young Women's Christian associations elected these officers: President, Mrs. R. A. Dorman, New York; corresponding secretary, Mrs. John Duncan, Louisville.

W. B. Wood (oyster planter), Peter J. McDonald, John Finn, John Carroll and John Newberry, were drowned by the foundering in Long Island sound of the oyster dredge James W. Boyle.

At Lexington, Ky., Postmaster James A. Scott of Tompkinsville is under arrest for embezzlement, false swearing, and burning the postoffice. Scott is a Presbyterian deacon and Sunday school superintendent.

Saturday, Nov. 16.

Ralph C. Smyers, of Chicago, swore out a warrant for the arrest of his son, Dexter Smyers, charging him with embezzlement. Young Smyers is a cripple. Smyers senior, who is the publisher of a local real estate paper, says his son has embezzled several hundred dollars, the proceeds of collection.

Mayor Pingree's city farmers at Detroit raised crops valued at $17,497 this year.

Sheriff Keyser, of Woodsfield, O., had occasion to go to his stable during the night and in going there disturbed four burglars, who were trying to rob the safe of the Monroe County bank. The robbers pounced on him, gagged and robbed him and threw him into the stable, where he lay until discovered next morning.

A red-polled cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

The Skinner tile factory burned at Wenona, Ills. Loss, $5,000; no insurance.

Monday, Nov. 18.

The treasury Saturday lost $1,134,000 in gold for export to South America, which leaves the true amount of the gold reserve $89,439,039.

C. and P. Crowley, farmers and brothers near Harvard, Ills., didn't believe in banks. Two burglars visited their house and got away with $5,000.

Three thugs boarded a train on the Pennsylvania railway between Jersey City and Philadelphia and would have robbed the express messenger had they not got into the wrong car. Finding out their mistake when the train was nearing Philadelphia they put on the brakes and jumped off, escaping.

Joe Choynski has been matched to fight Maher, the Irish champion.

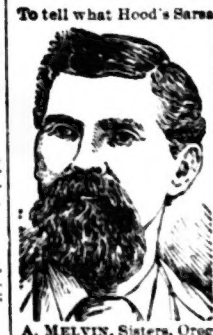
Fireman W. McQuade, of Corning, N. Y., was killed and Brakeman Kirkendal, same place, was fatally hurt in a head-end collision on the rail near Williamsport, Pa.

The murderer of William Krauer, a New York restaurant keeper, has been captured. He is a boy only 15 years old.

Mrs. J. K. Emmett, the actress, has sued her husband for divorce at San Francisco.

I Am Glad

To tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I had rheumatism in my legs and frequently I had to get up at night and walk to relax the muscles. I also had stomach trouble. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured the rheumatism and helped my stomach trouble. Hood's Pills are the best I ever took." H. A. MELVIN, Sisters, Oregon. Remember



Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—English Opera Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Witch."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Palmer Cox's Brownies."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Joseph Murphy.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Land of the Living."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH PEOPLE ATTACKED BY A HALF-SHELL BISHOP.

It is singular how the Sassenach acid in the blood of Every England-worshipping Anglo-Yankee reveals itself when the quarrel between the so-called "mother country" and Ireland is the theme. A Protestant bishop, by the name of Ussher, who represents a piebald religious concern called the Christ-Reformed (?) Episcopal Church, preached in Peoria, Ill., last Sunday, and his subject was "Ireland and American Interference." In brief this left-handed "successor of the apostles" said:

"Is it right for the United States to further aid in the impoverishment of its citizens and the disturbance of public peace for the helping of Ireland to a 'freedom' she does not desire and would not be benefitted by, obtained under the present aspect of home rule? I want to raise my voice against the loud mouthed, dollar-hungry demagogues. I want to raise my voice to warn Americans and patriotic Irishmen lest by giving sympathy to these men, these robbers of poor servant girls' savings, they set Ireland back rather than help her achieve again the glories that once clustered round her brow. She is a little world by herself, yet, by reason of causes handed down, she has been compelled to sit by the highway of nations fettered and shackled with a begging box around her neck, a prisoner to the soil and superstition—powerful, but powerless.

"St. Patrick never received his commission from Rome, for in his time Rome was not looked to as the head of Christendom, the would-be mother of Christianity. Romish authors have sought to make it appear that St. Patrick received the episcopal commission as bishop from Rome, but it is not so. He did not get his ordination from Rome or its bishop or its pope, and the church founded in Ireland was the Christian church in Ireland, not the church of Rome in Ireland. The devoted Roman Catholic Irishmen who believe that the Church of Rome in Ireland was the church of their early forefathers and ought therefore to be the national church are mistaken. Ireland owes to the hierarchy of Rome its dissensions and its poverty—the tax of Peter's peuce was an English agreement with the Pope. St. Patrick was the apostle, but not the Roman Catholic apostle. Ireland today is Protestantly prosperous and Roman Catholically poor. Her people are better off than our own American people have been in hard times. Ireland and her people never have been better off than today.

"If the Irishmen who want to give money will give it for the education of the sons of Ireland in nonsectarian schools, if they will help when a harvest fails and a crop disappoints and threatens individual ruin, and if they will keep Peter's pence in Patrick's pocket, then Ireland will rise from the ashes of past greatness and developing her own resources will become a source of strength to England and a Christ enlightened glory to the world."

There is no use in mincing words with villainous libelers of the Ussher type. The first paragraph of his quoted remarks proves him to be a right reverend ranter, who does not hesitate to malign men who are, morally, physically and intellectually infinitely his superiors. This "Bishop" Ussher is not worthy to black the boots of the humblest national Irishman in America. No gentleman would be a fabricator, no Christian would be a slanderer—if "Bishop" Ussher is correctly quoted he is both a fabricator and a slanderer.

His insolent assumption that St. Patrick was not a Catholic may be passed over with the observation that, since the Reformation, all spurious "Bishops" have been engaged in misrepresenting the great apostle of Ireland in order to justify their own recreancy. This man Ussher is no exception to the rule. That Patrick was ordained by the then reigning Pope to Christianize Ireland, in the Catholic sense, all credible history testifies. Protestants were unknown in those remote days. The early years of the Christian era knew only the Catholic, the Jew and the Pagan. Patrick did not go to Ireland to preach Judaism or paganism—therefore he preached Catholicity, and preached it so well that all the heretical bigots that ever lived, including Ussher, cannot drive the Catholic faith from the hearts of the vast majority of the Irish race. The Peter's pence business was a deal between an English Pope and an English king. Adrian IV was an Englishman, and Henry II ruled in England. It is good for religion that there has not been another English Pope. It would be well for human liberty if no other English king or queen were ever to rule on this earth again. The English, religiously, politically and commercially, considered as a corporation, are a curse to the rest of mankind. It is the English that keep the Turk in power in the Old World today. On their heads is the blood of the unfortunate Armenians; but Ussher, the hypocrite, has no word of condemnation for the English. They are of his own kidney.

Ussher's statement that "Ireland is Protestantly prosperous and Catholically poor" is on a par with the rest of his semi-insane harangue. Leinster, a Catholic section, not Ulster a Protestant section, is the richest of the four Irish provinces. The Orangemen of the North are deluded by people, like Ussher, who can impose upon their ignorance. It was an Irish Protestant patriot who once said to these same Orangemen "The Pope may be Antichrist, but he does not issue writs of ejectment in Ulster."

Four Irish Catholics in this country were the Argonauts of the West—Flood, Fair, O'Brien and Mackey. Marcus Daly, of Montana, is an Irish Catholic, and he has riches enough, made by his native genius, to buy out the entire Christ-Reformed (?) Episcopal Church concern. And we could enumerate hundreds of others. It is not the penny paid per head to the Pope, but the pound sterling, or more, paid per head to English treasury that keeps Ireland poor. In this tax the death drain tribute paid the alien and absentee landlords is not included.

Who is this man Ussher? We confess he is an unknown quantity to us, and we judge him by the solitary utterance of his that we have seen in print. He may be a bishop, but he is certainly a fool. By the way, there was an Archbishop Ussher in Dublin in the days when that great "reformer," adulterous and murderous Henry VIII, turned Protestant. Ussher was among the first of the complaisant archbishops to turn his spiritual coat with the lascivious and bloody Tudor. John Mitchel (who was a Protestant) in his "Life of Hugh O'Neill, called by the English Earl of Tyrone," page 17, writing of the "Reformation" says:

"Here a difficulty arose, or, rather, several difficulties, for the claim of England to govern Ireland had always been held to rest upon that surprising grant of Pope Adrian IV, which conferred Ireland upon Henry II, as a fief; and to deny the Papal authority was to destroy the only title which the crown of England ever pretended over the island, whereby hangs a controversy, partly political, partly theological, which greatly agitated the pedants of both countries at the period; but is interesting now neither to gods nor men. Yet for the clear understanding of some terms which must often occur in the following story, we may refer to the argument for English dominion, used by one of its most learned advocates: 'Whatsoever become,' says Archbishop Ussher, 'of the Pope's idle challenges, the crown of England hath otherwise obtained an undoubted right unto the sovereignty of this country (Ireland); partly by conquest, prosecuted at first upon occasion of a social war; partly by the several *submissions* of the chieftains of the land made afterwards. For whereas it is free for all men, although they have formerly quit from all subjection, to renounce their own right, yet now in these our days (saith Giraldus Cambrensis in his History of the Conquest of Ireland) all the provinces of Ireland did voluntarily submit, and bind themselves with firm bonds of faith and oath, unto Henry II, King of England.'

"On which 'submissions' we remark," continues Mitchell, "first, that the same Henry II did, with firm bonds of faith and oath, submit and perform homage to Louis VII of France, and with head uncovered and belt ungirt, with sword and spurs removed, he placed his hands, kneeling, between those of the lord, and promised to become *his man* from thenceforward, and to serve him with life and limb and worldly honor, faithfully and loyally; that King Edward III (of England) in like humble guise, did homage at the feet of another French sovereign, but that those two English Kings were engaged in endless wars with those very suzerains, and never incurred thereby the charge of perfidy or rebellion. And the second remark is that such submissions by an Irish chieftain, either in the twelfth or any other century, were not only a mere form, but had no force or significance, even as a form; because those chiefs were not, themselves, feudal lords—they had neither fiefs nor vassals;—like the leaders of the ancient Franks, they were the elected captains of a tribe of freemen, and could not, by donning the coronet and robes of a foreign noble, change their countrymen into the subjects of an alien prince, nor involve them in that great feudal system, which, like every other form of national polity, must grow with a people's growth and weave itself in the 'Loom of Time' out of the very elements of its being."

We wonder whether or not the apostate prelate, so ably answered by Mitchel, was an ancestor of this Peoria Ussher. If he was, his descendant has certainly not kept pace with him in point of knowledge, although other family characteristics are still distinctly recognizable. Perhaps this Ussher may not be an "American" at all, but merely a clumsy Englishman with a Yankee veneer. We hope this may be the case, for we would not like to know that so malignant, conceited and ignorant a person is a member of the great American family.

THE NOBLE-HEARTED THREE.

The twenty-eighth anniversary meeting in honor of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, to be held at Central Music Hall Saturday evening, Nov. 23, promises to be a splendid success. A fine musical and literary programme will be presented. Hon. M. P. Brady will preside and deliver the opening address. The address of the Irish Nationalists, under whose auspices the demonstration is to occur, will be read by Mr. W. A. Cunnea; and the oration will be delivered by the eloquent Clarence S. Darrow, the American friend of Irish liberty, and of the liberty of mankind. Prof. Purcell will preside at the organ, and will render many of the most stirring and melodicus of the Irish National airs. There will be a vocal solo and chorus of the Star Spangled Banner led by Miss Nellie M. Ryan. Mr. W. J. O'Neill will sing "The Memory of the Dead." A talented juvenile elocutionist, Miss Mary Ethel Courtenay, who has been trained by that able artist, Mr. A. P. Broadfoot, will recite Charles J. Kickham's famous "Rory of the Hill," and there will be other songs by Mrs. Thomas Bitters, Miss Louise Turgeon, Thomas J. Purcell and Miss McCaffrey. Misses Marie F. Bonfield and Alice Genevieve Smith will play a fantasia for two harps, arranged by Thomas from Moore's Melodies. Major James W. Cole will play a violin obligato, "Varie de Berriot." Taken for all and all, no finer programme has been arranged for an Irish demonstration in this city of late days.

REV. DR. WHEELER'S UNCLEAN IDOL.

It seems to us that some of our Chicago preachers have bad memories and worse information. Last Sunday, the Rev. Kitteredge Wheeler preached in the Fourth Baptist church on "A Newspaper for a Penny." The subject was all right, for it was chiefly the Chicago *Tribune*, but one, at least, of Dr. Wheeler's illustrations of newspaper press incorruptibility was, to say the least of it, most unfortunate. The paper selected as an exemplar of purity was the notoriously infamous London *Times*, which O'Connell dubbed "the Lying *Times*" and O'Connell's enemies "The Thunderer." Here is what Dr. Wheeler had to say on the "immaculate" publication:

"What a sovereign power is that wielded by the London *Times*, perhaps the most influential journal of the world. To this height has it climbed, to this kingly dominion has it come, not by intrigue, not by treachery, not by bribery, not by fear or flattery, but by its fearless and defiant course of right and righteousness. For four generations John Walter and his descendants have been the dictators and autocrats of the London *Times*. Well has it been called the 'Thunderer,' for in its history it has defied governments, trades unions, and special interests, and has accepted favors from no one. Often has it spoken with the authority of a parliament and the influence of a throne.

"The following incident will illustrate the absolute incorruptibility of the *Times*: At midnight Dec. 22, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Salisbury's administration, drove to the office of the *Times* in Queen Victoria street and sent his card to Mr. Buckle. When he was admitted to the editor's presence he announced that he had decided to resign his office as a protest against the premier. The *Times* was to have the privilege of announcing the news in the morning. Mr. Buckle urged the chancellor not to take such a rash step, but his arguments had no effect.

"'Of course you will be friendly to me,' said Lord Randolph.

"'Certainly not,' answered Mr. Buckle.

"'But there is not another paper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news.'

"'That may be true,' said the editor, 'but you cannot bribe the *Times*.'

"'This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But, if you choose to have it so, you can give it some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns tomorrow.'

"'Surely you will let me see what is written about it editorially tonight.'

"'You cannot see a word of it before it is printed.'

"'Well,' said the astonished minister, 'the *Times* is the most extraordinary and most ungrateful newspaper published. You may announce my resignation, but I consider this very harsh treatment.'

"When the paper appeared in the morning it contained the news of the resignation and a dignified editorial censuring the chancellor for deserting his leader."

It is still fresh in even American public memory that the London *Times* was the vile newspaper concern that sought to bring Parnell to the gallows, by means of forged letters, and that evolved from the fathomless depths of its own foulness, the monstrous Le Caron, and the loathsome Pigott. Never was a more horrible plot, and never was the rascality of English nature more fully exposed than in the discomfiture of Walter and McDonald, both of whom died from acute chagrin at being detected and disgraced before the entire world. How can Dr. Wheeler bring himself to indorse such a concern? He cannot be of sound conscience.

As to the story about Lord Randolph Churchill, we may remark that the House of Marlborough, of which he was a scion, has been notoriously impecunious for generations. The *Times'* man (Buckle) knew that "Randy" was not "flush." He gauged the size of his "wad" thoroughly and his fine assumption of virtue—he who represented a paper that had bought Le Caron and bribed Pigott to commit a murderous felony—could impose upon nobody but a soft-headed American parson, who is often the biggest idiot produced by our civilization. We are ashamed of Dr. Wheeler. He ought to go to a Rest Cure, and give his diminutive and overwrought brain a chance to expand and recuperate.

A.O.H. AFFAIRS.

Our young friends in No. 2 had a very interesting meeting on the 14th inst. President Hanrahan had the pleasure of initiating seven candidates, and the propositions of four others were presented. President J. J. Lamb of Division 20, with a delegation of his fellow-members, was present and added much to the programme in speech and song. No. 2 had a slow time making a start, but is now progressing very favorably. President Hanrahan has some excellent talent among his young men, and should be able to present a very enjoyable programme at each meeting. Anxious to increase membership the division offers a gold A.O.H. pin to the brother bringing in the largest number of candidates, and if our friends in Divisions 17 and 20 don't have a hard struggle to keep ahead I am much mistaken in the calibre of the members of No. 2.

Division 8 had a very well attended meeting on Saturday, Nov. 16, and from the number of propositions presented I am of opinion that the brothers have noticed that No. 19 is the largest division in Cook county. The happy news was circulated that Brothers P. J. O'Sullivan and Hugh Gleason are organizing a new division north of Chicago avenue. It will be remembered that we offered a gold pin for the organizer of the first division in that locality, and trust to have the pleasure of presenting same to one of the brothers mentioned. I regret very much that space did not permit giving a full list of names from No. 8 in the parade of Nov. 3, also that through inadvertence the name of an absent member was included in the three which were published. No. 8 did much toward the success of the event by having some thirty of its members present.

A meeting of the committee on arrangements for the entertainment of Dec. 31 was held at McCoy's Hotel on the 16th inst. Business was disposed of with laudable dispatch. A proposition to take charge of the programme was received from Mr. J. J. Phelan, and agreed to, including some twelve numbers, all selections to be of Irish authorship. I am glad to note that among other numbers Mr. Phelan has chosen some vocal music to be rendered by Master J. Dohney of Englewood, who, by the way, is the son of Brother Dohney, president of Division 37. The young vocalist is blessed with a very sweet soprano voice, which was listened to with great pleasure on March 18 in Central Music Hall. The several sub-committees appointed by the chair made progress reports, and the press committee was instructed to supply the city dailies with all information as to plans the general committee and the character of the entertainment. Only three divisions failed to send representatives, and it is very desirable that those three missing ones should be present at the next meeting, Saturday, Nov. 30. Judging from the attention and enterprise of the committee we may be confident nothing will be left undone to make a thorough success of the entertainment. The work of the committee must be seconded by the members at large in disposing of tickets. It is hoped that the divisions will not neglect this very essential feature of the work, because without their efforts to fill the hall all the labors of committee on programme will be in vain.

The *Emerald* of Manchester, N. H., means business on the question of organizing rifle companies, and its issue of Saturday last has a stirring article on the subject, urging the booming of the military branch of the Order. While I am in perfect accord with the New Hampshire brother on the subject of military training, I do not think it judicious to push organization until the National board or the National convention has taken some steps toward appointing a board of control or central governing authority to assist in compelling discipline, and the general management of matters concerning the rifles. In various places in this state we have had experience which does not encourage us to renew efforts until we know that over the companies of each state will be officers of ability and training who in turn will be subject to national officials, and responsible for men and material. At present there is in one town, where arms and uniforms of a disbanded company of Rifles are lying useless to present holders, attached to the same a legacy of debt which men of our Order must pay to redeem our good name. This is due to incompetency, bullheadedness and mismanagement. The Rifles thought themselves independent of, and not subject to the county officers, and the money contributed by the Order under the belief that it was helping the permanent organization of a military rank has been wasted. Rifles lost here; uniforms scattered there; belts and minor accoutrements missing everywhere; this was the story of many companies. Officers were selected who had no more the style of a soldier about them than a scarecrow—selected while good men remained in the ranks—selected because of their capacity to make trouble. All this could have been corrected were there some superior body of control to appeal to. If the system permissible among the independent companies prevailed for one year in the state militia, you would either see the people abolishing the militia or lynching the officers. We have the material, and we can have the discipline if the National President recommends some method of organization at the convention in Detroit, but not until then. If the National Board or the State Board take it on themselves to frame some laws, they will have to encounter the foolish chatterboxes' objections of "presuming, taking too much upon themselves," and so on *ad nauseam*. It is very tiresome to be compelled to listen to those people; but they exist, and until you extract their fangs it is better to avoid giving them reasons for spitting their venom on well meant efforts. I am with you, Brother *Emerald*, and hope you will keep up the work of interesting the approaching convention in the need of a national military organization.

I notice that my esteemed friend the *Hibernian* of Philadelphia, in its well-written editorials, includes a splendid article on the selection of officers. With that thorough knowledge of the needs of the A.O.H. which the organ of the Pennsylvania Hibernians has always shown, it urges the selection of the best material for the offices in the several divisions. The grave responsibility of not only selecting the division officers in those who are elected but of choosing in their persons the men who are to manage all the affairs of the county, are impressed on the readers of that paper, I can recommend every line of the article referred to, as applicable to Cook county and the approaching elections in same. If we do not heed such advice, if we fail to make good selections, then say farewell to good management and progress.

I am anxious to draw our brothers' attention to slate making, which sometimes prevails approaching the annual election. While I acknowledge that it is at times necessary to confer on the fitness of individuals for officers, nevertheless I am dubious of methods smacking of ways political. I have learned that in some places it has been necessary, in order to save a "slate," to place thereon some person unfit for the position assigned, and the work of four good officers has been neutralized by the efforts of one bad one. There is no necessity for such bargains. Let nominations be made in a proper manner, and permit the members to use their own judgment in making selections. Of one matter be watchful: When you notice an individual going around canvassing for himself or others be wary of his approaches and cautious of his pledges. When a man finds it is necessary to offer *himself* as a candidate his opinion must be that few would think of suggesting him for the position, and when he is of that opinion it must be grounded on a belief of his own that he has little to recommend him and fears he would be unnoticed. When a man goes from member to member urging the candidacy of another, the chances are seven in ten that he fears the man he is interested in is not qualified for the position, or he has ulterior motives in the election of same, or to accomplish the defeat of someone else. Approaching election there will always be some enterprising individual who, with a grievance up his sleeve, will start out to get even with a presiding officer who trod on his toes or prevented him from making an ass of himself. Always take the suggestions of this person with a liberal supply of salt. Listen patiently to his stories and—forget them. If you don't, he will pester you to death until you do, and you may as well listen and be done with him. When he finds after election that the ballots prove he was not believed, he will take his evil presence elsewhere than the scene of his defeat.

Put your mind on the selection. Choose the brother who fills the chair or office with ease and dignity; choose the man whose style impresses you that he knows his business and that you will not have to blush for him when visitors call at your meetings. If he does compel observance of the laws he is but doing his duty, and we should appreciate the same and not think he is actuated by personal motives. Be careful that your vice-president is the next best man to his chief, and able to fill his place when absent. See that the secretaries are competent and prompt; don't put a slouchy, careless man in such important positions. In a word select your best material. Do not remove a man from office because he is long in the position unless you are confident his successor is just as good. While I believe in rotation in office, I disapprove of permitting doubtful experiments in the present juncture. I trust the the result of the elections all over the country will result with good for the Order.

To the brothers in Illinois I appeal earnestly to select their best and shrewdest their most energetic and aggressive men, for positions for the term of '96. We want cool heads; we want unprejudiced minds; we want patriotic souls; we want able wit to assist us in steering clear of the quicksands and rocks which lie hidden beneath the sea which divides doubt from success. Give us men gifted with the essential qualities mentioned and our splendid Order will forge ahead conquering and triumphant; give us the patriots unselfish and untiring, and the flag of our love will be raised from the dust. It is in the power of the humblest member to assist much: let none then be wanting, let none be dilatory, let none fail to use all the energy in their power to secure for the A.O.H. during the coming month officers who will elevate our race and guide our society on the path of progress. Shall this appeal be in vain? Next month will tell. ER.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MY LOST KATHLEEN.

Farewell my lost Kathleen,
My dream of love is o'er;
The thoughts of all that might have been—
The hopes that are no more—
Like fearful ghosts they haunt me now
Through morning, noon and e'en,
Oh wherefore break thy tender vow
My false Kathleen?

I could have loved thee true till death,
My heart's blood shed for thee,
My love were breathed in every breath
Hads't thou been true to me;
No hand would soothe thy brow of pain
More tenderly, I ween,
Or throb to see thee smile again,
My lost Kathleen.

Could memory curtain o'er the past,
And shut from out my view
The precious hours—too fair to last—
When that young heart was true,
And that dear head upon my breast
With tender trust would lean,
And those sweet lips I fondly pressed
My loved Kathleen?

Now who shall cheer my lonesome heart
In summer's evening hours?
And who shall soothe its bitter smart
When weary Winter lowers?
I look around the waste of years
Some ray of hope to glean
But all is dark and blurred with tears—
My lost Kathleen.

Since memory from the moments sped
I vainly strive to turn,
Could I the tears but only shed
That in my bosom burn;
The soul shut out from Paradise
But feels a loss so keen,
My heaven was in thy laughing eyes,
My false Kathleen.

Perhaps as time rolls sadly by
The wound may partly heal,
But oh, 'twould sweeter seem to die
Than life so sadly feel;
My heart must inly bleed and pine,
Whate'er my outward mien,
And yet it may be Heaven's design—
Farewell Kathleen.

P. T. M'G.

IRISH-AMRICAN LYCEUM.

The seating capacity of the spacious hall in the Columbia building, at Halsted and Thirty-seventh streets, was taxed to its utmost at the first annual meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum on Monday evening, Nov. 11. A very enjoyable programme was provided, consisting of musical and literary numbers, which was gone through previous to the election of officers. Songs were rendered by Mr. Patrick F. Holden, the Garland twins and Miss McGuirl. The Garland twins, though scarcely 11 years old, won the applause of the audience by their excellent display of instrumental and vocal talent. Miss McGuirl's singing of "Killarney" was splendid, and resulted in repeated encores. Miss Cassie A. McMenamin received a hearty encore from the audience, and a pretty bouquet from an admiring young gentlemen on rendering one of her popular recitations.

The president read a letter from the secretary of the Young Men's Lyceum of Limerick, asking for several points of information from the Irish-American Lyceum of Chicago. The matter of changing the day and place of the regular monthly meeting was discussed. It was decided not to change the day of meeting from Monday, though many very significant reasons for so doing were given. The matter of changing the place of meeting had been left in the hands of the board of managers.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Wm. Dillon; Vice-President, John Hanrahan; Treasurer, Laurence Henely; Secretary, T. J. Sherlock; Board of Censors, Miss May M. O'Hanlon, Miss Mabel Gallagher, Jos. J. Lamb, Patrick F. Holden, M. E. Cassidy.

As a mark of appreciation it must be said that the outgoing officers were unanimously re-elected in every case; the only exception being the election of T. J. Sherlock as secretary in the place of his brother, John J. Sherlock, who, notwithstanding a unanimous request from the officers and members, declined the nomination. For the first time the names of two lady members have been added to the board of censors.

Michael J. O'Shea read an excellent paper on "Military opportunities for young Irishmen," which was most favorably received by the audience. After a short address from the chairman the meeting terminated.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

For The Citizen.

ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Would freedom's light one hope conserve to thrive a decade's span,
If lived not men with earnest word and ardent act to fan
Its flicker to an Etna-glare whose columned flame should shine
Volcanic on the vision—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien?

Oh, let the earth's internal fires consume her outer crust
When the hero-heart shall languish in its slough of slavish trust;
Or be the brute whose flagellated flesh and muscles strong
Are mute for want of mental force to rise and rend the thong.

What happiness or worth is there in life if man must be
A shackled serf when nature and the universe are free;
As nature's child his heritage is liberty that gives
The right to him to do and think with all that thinks and lives.

Submission to tyrannic will for sake of creed is cant
Whose commendation issues from the servile sycophant;
A God of justice never doomed a nation thus to kneel
And place upon its bended neck a churl's despotic heel.

Supernal tribute time shall pay the self-reliant mind
That towers above the mongrel fears that stultify its kind,
And labors with unswerving aim for some majestic goal,
And strengthens through oppression all the sinews of the soul.

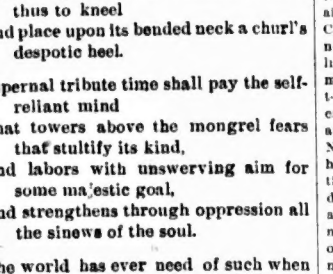
The world has ever need of such when manhood's truth is fled
And superstition spreads its gloom where reason's light was shed;
Then liberty lethargic grows if leaps no deed divine
To sun-strike through her dungeon—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien!

Triumvirs of the fearless front a fiery foeman brings,
Triumvirs of the deathless deed a Nation's anthem sings,
Not Rome's renowned and royal three with you have equal place—
They fought for selfish glory,—you, the freedom of a race.

Such noble natures as were yours, such men heroic thrive!
No creed with dearth of ancient power can cow them with its gyve;
Their trust is in themselves alone and in their high design
And a multitude shall hearken to their word at reason's shrine.

JOE MURPHY'S "SHAUN RHUE."

Mr. Joseph Murphy will appear in his matchless comic character of "Shaun Rhue" at the Haymarket Theatre next Sunday evening, Nov. 24, and half of next week. This is one of the comedian's most stirring impersonations, and always crowds the house. In it the shrewdness, drollery, wit and courage of the adventurous Irishman are faithfully represented, and the auditor, from first to last, is kept in a condition of vivid interest. "Shaun Rhue" is an inspiration. The singing of "A Handful



of Earth" by Mr. Murphy is a treat in itself. There had been nothing like "Shaun Rhue" on the boards before Mr. Murphy's time, and it has no rival, except the companion play of "The Kerry Gow," at the present period. No reader of The Citizen should miss this great and attractive play. It will be given Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and Thursday (Thanksgiving) matinee. The ever welcome "Kerry Gow" will be given Thursday (Thanksgiving) night, Friday night, and Saturday night and matinee. Mr. Murphy should draw splendidly in these two famous plays.

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.

Frank Harvey, author of "Sins of the Night," "The Wages of Sin," "Woman Against Woman," and "The World Against Her," has a new melodramatic success in "The Land of the Living," which will be seen for the first time at Haylin's commencing Sunday matinee, Nov. 24. This drama ran for three hundred consecutive nights at the Adelphi Theatre, London. It has only been seen in this country at Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The story deals with the trials of a rich Londoner.

Commencing Sunday matinee, Dec. 1, the roaring farce comedy, "Hoss and Hoss."

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the Northwestern Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6 p.m. and 18:45 p.m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

GAELIC PROSE.

"Agallamh na Senorach."

Ag so ainm an phiosa is faide agus is mó cáil atá i "Silva Gadelica" (coill Gaedhalach), cruinnlughadh sgeul agus sean-tráchta a cuireadh amach go goirid ó shoin le Williams agus Norgate, i Longdoin Shacsanaigh, curtha i n-eagar agus aistrighthe 'san m-Beuria le Staindis H. O'Grádaigh.

Tógadh "Agallamh na Senorach" as an deághleabhar ársaidh sin, "Leabhar an Leasa Mhóir," noch do cuireadh i g-cionn a chéille timchioll meádhoin an chúigeadh aois deug, agus tá se ráidhte go bh-fuil an chuid is mó de'n leabhar ceadna ar shliocht Leabhair Mhainistir Buithe (i g condae Lóghmhagh), atá le fada ar ceal. Do réir "An Agallamh" do mhar Oisin mac Fhinn mhic Chúmhaill, Caeilte mac Ronáin agus beagán eile de'n Fhiann ceud go leith bliadhain tar éis chatha Ghabhra (i g-condae na Midhe), an áit sr cuireadh briseadh agus dithlughadh gan dóigh ar an m-buidhean clúthamhail sin. Do roich na sean-laoich go h-áit atá ó thuaidh ó bhall mór Dhroichead Átha anois, anuair a sgar siad le chéile. Oisin ag dul nios faide ó thuaidh ag iarraidh a mháthar, bean de Thuathaibh De Danann, agus mar sin bith-bhuan; Caeilte ag dul o dheas no gur casadh leis, i n-aice le Teamhair, Naomh Pádraig a bhí le n-a linn sin ag seanmóireacht an t-soisgéil do mhuintir na h-Eireann. Do glacadh leis an t-sean-laoich págánach go carthanach cáird-camhail; do ghabh seisean go h-ámhal ceannsa an creideamh nuádh agus téidh sé leis an Naoimh ar cuairt apstolach timchioll na h-Eireann. Do chuaidh siad siar-dheas thart timchioll, agus i n-gach uile áit arshidhbal siad do ceastuighеadh Caeilte i d-taoibh fios-fáth agus coluis na ngleann na g-cnoc na loch agus na rath do casadh leo. Do thug an Naomh oiread aire do sgeultaibh Chaeilte leis na righthibh cúigeadh agus ceannfuritibh na n-dáithche do shúbhail siad i n-a m-bealach. Do shiúbhaladar Laighin, Múmha, Connacht, agus Uladh ar an nós so: ar deireadh go d-táinig siad go Teamhair, agus go bh-fuair siad Oisin ann sin ag cúirt an righ, Diarmaid mac Chearbhaill. Do bhi Feis Teamhrach ar n-a chommóradh faoi an trá sin, agus ar mhaithe do'n b-pobul do h-iarradh ar an dá shean-laoich a n-eachta agus éachta na Féinne d'innsin, an mhéid a b'fhéidir leo thabhairt d'a meamhair. Rinne siad-san sin agus do cuireadh sios a sgeulta le lucht sgribhinne na h-almsire sin, agus ar m-briseadh suas doibh rug fir Eireann cóip abhaile leo do gach uile áird de'n oileán.

[Le sheith leanta.]

(Translation)

Agallamh na Senorach.

[The Colloquy of (or with) the Ancients.]

This is the name of the longest and most famous piece in "Silva Gadelica" (a Gaelic forest), a collection of tales and old tracts recently published by Williams & Norgate of London, Eng., edited and translated into English by Standish H. O'Grady.

"Agallamh na Senorach" was taken from that fine old book, the "Book of Lismore," which was compiled about the middle of the fifteenth century, and it is said to have been for the greater part copied from the Book of Monasterboice (in the county Louth) which has been long since lost. According to the "Colloquy," Oisin son of Fionn mac Cumhal, Caeilte mac Ronain and a few more of the Fianna survived for 150 years after the battle of Gabhra (in the county Meath), the place where defeat and hopeless destruction was put upon that renowned host. The aged warriors had reached a point to the north of the present town of Drogheda where they separated from each other, Oisin going further north to seek out his mother, a woman of the Tuatha De Danann and therefore immortal, Caeilte moving southwards until he met, not far from Tara, St. Patrick who was at that time preaching the Gospel to the people of Ireland. The heathan veteran was received with kindness and consideration, and having accepted the new faith with readiness, he accompanied the Saint on an apostolic circuit of Ireland. They proceeded southwest about, and in every place through which they travelled Caeilte was questioned as to the original knowledge (tradition) and intelligence of the glens, the hills, the lakes and the raths they passed. The Saint paid as much attention to Caeilte's stories as the provincial kings and chiefs of the territories through which they travelled on their way. They proceeded in this manner through Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Ulster, until at length they came to Tara, where they found Oisin at the court of the King Diarmaid Mac Cearbhaill. The Feast of Tara was being celebrated, and for the benefit of the people, the two aged warriors were requested to relate their deeds and the deeds of the Fianna, or so much as they could recall to memory. They did so, and their stories were taken down by the writers of the period and on their breaking up the men of Erin brought copies home with them to every part of the island.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Adriatic arrived at New York on the 16th inst., at 5 p.m.

The Britannic arrived at Queenstown on the 15th at 5 a.m.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star liner Adriatic sailing from New York Nov. 20: W.M. McMillan, John C. Kent, Horace M. Hayes, Annie Bontield, Chicago; Mrs. Fred Keyworth, Mrs. Maud Keyworth, Francis Keyworth, Roland Keyworth, Prosper, Minn.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils of the Organization That Has Made a Radical New Departure in the Irish Movement for Liberty.

Succinct, but Comprehensive Instructions From the National Headquarters.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

This organization shall be known by the name and title of the Irish National Alliance.

Its object is to see the independence of Ireland by any means consistent with the laws and usages of civilized nations.

The qualifications for membership shall be good moral character, birth on Irish soil or descent from Irish parentage on either side, and the taking of the following pledge of honor: "I, ..., hereby pledge my word of honor to aid by every means within my power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the independence of Ireland."

This organization shall be governed by a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a secretary and an executive council of nine members, who shall hold office for two years or until their successors are elected and qualified.

A two thirds vote of the executive council shall be necessary to override any act of the President of the National Alliance.

The secretary shall be appointed by the president. All other officers shall be elected by the organization in regular session.

The president, vice-president, and one member of the executive committee, such member to be selected by the executive council, shall be trustees of the funds of the organization.

All authority to organize must come from the national executive.

The initiation fee shall be $1, payable in advance, and 50 cents quarterly dues, commencing three months after date of initiation.

Each local division of the Irish National Alliance shall be known as a council, and it shall be designated by number of charter furnished by the National Executive on payment of the fees called for by the constitution.

Each council shall transmit quarterly to the national treasury 75 per cent. of all moneys received, after deducting legitimate expenses, said expenses to be confined to hall rent and stationery.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

"To whom it may concern: ....., representing not less than ten citizens of Irish birth or descent, having applied for a charter constituting them a Council of the Irish National Alliance, and on consideration thereof, pledge their word of honor, to aid by every means within their power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the Indepence of Ireland, the said charter is hereby granted under the title of ..... Council of the Irish National Alliance, located at.....and bearing the number..... Dated New York.....189 ."

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Executive Council, and in his absence his place shall be taken by the Vice President.

The Treasurer shall properly account for all moneys received by him and make report of same to the regular convention of the Irish National Alliance.

The secretary shall keep correct minutes of all meetings of the Executive Council and shall also keep a record of the Councils of the Irish National Alliance.

Each Council shall forward to the National Secretary a report after the last meeting in January, April, July and October of each year, showing the numerical strength of such Council, and the amounts received and remitted to the National Treasurer.

State Councils shall have supervision over local Councils within any one State or Territory, and the officers of any such state Council shall be elected by the local Councils, each Council having one vote for every twenty-five members in good stauding, and an additional vote for every fractional part of twenty-five, provided such fractional part shall not be less than twelve members.

Municipal Councils, which shall have supervision over districts, may be formed where necessary, and the officers of same shall be elected in the same manner as those of State Councils.

No council shall be regarded as in good standing, that shall have neglected to make its quarterly report, and paid its regular dues to the National Treasurer.

The necessary expenses of State and Municipal Councils shall be met by special assessments on Local Councils in such State or Municipal district.

State, Municipal and Local Councils shall have the right to make their own by-laws, provided that nothing shall be contained therein contrary to the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, and to such rules and regulations as from time to time may be enacted by the Executive Council of the Irish National Alliance."

HOW TO FORM COUNCILS.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them then proceed to organize themselves as a Council under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The initiation fee of one dollar per member must be paid in advance, and fifty cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the monies so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, 154 22nd Street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, 51 East 122nd Street, New York, who, on information that the treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils, at least, should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions will be ready for distribution in a short time.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

A soldier's life, the life for me,
A soldier's death, so Ireland free.

Company G gave a reception and ball on Saturday night for the benefit of a sick comrade. Owing to the short notice the number present was not as large as it otherwise would have been. Capt. John F. Ryan and the committee having charge of the arrangements were untiring in their efforts to have all present enjoy themselves.

The school for officers and non-commissioned officers of the Third Battallion has been changed from Thursday to Friday evenings.

The resignation of Second Lieut. John T. Callinan, Company M, has been accepted by the adjutant general.

There will be an inspection and muster of the regiment the first or second week of December, and it behooves every member to interest himself to the extent of finding out the day and date of the muster and being present to answer his name on that occasion. If a company fails to show at least 90 per cent of it membership present, it is liable to, and probably will be mustered out of the service; there can be no valid excuse for a man not being present on an occasion of this kind, because the success of the regiment in general and his company in particular demands his presence.

Company I is at present in need of men. Capt. Cassidy has reorganized the company, and got rid of all the inactive members. Any young man of Irish birth or descent wishing to join a good company can be accommodated by calling at the armory, 78 Michigan avenue, any Wednesday evening, and inquiring for Capt. Cassidy. It might be added, that it does not cost a man anything to join the gallant Seventh. All that is asked of him is two hours each week.

Next week we hope to be able to give the exact date of the muster.

Company L gave a stag party on Saturday night for the members and their friends. Capt. Clasby acted as toastmaster during the evening. Junius.

THE HAYMARKET.

Thanksgiving Week,

COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOV. 24,

Special Engagement of

The Legitimate Irish Comedian.
JOSEPH MURPHY.

Supported by a carefully selected Company.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday Matinee

He wil appear in the companion Drama to "Kerry Gow," entitled

Shaun Rhue,

Introducing Mr. Murphy's wonderfully successful Song,

"A HANDFUL OF EARTH."

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and Night,

He will appear in the greatest of all Irish Dramas, THE

Kerry Gow,

Played by him with unparalleled success for Fourteen consecutive Seasons.

PRICES AS USUAL.

Reserved Seats can be secured at Box Office three days in advance.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM CUMMINGS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Cummings, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1896, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 21, 1895.

EDWARD R. HEALY, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

NO CURE. NO PAY.
DR. KEAN,

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

H.R.EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	2 cents
English Currants, per lb	4 cents
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb	4 cents
Imported French Capers, per bottle	3 cents
Fine Toilet Paper, per roll	1 cent
Broken Carolina Rice, per lb	1½ cents
A 5-gallon keg Fancy Table Sirup	99 cents
A 5-lb jar Pure Fruit Jelly	12 cents
Crosse & Blackwell Pickles, pints, 19 cents; quarts	29 cents
American Sardines, in oil, 2½ cents; Large Mustard	5 cents
Fancy Selected Pearled Barley, per lb	1 cent
During this week we will also sell Genuine Imported Macaroni, in 1-lb packages, direct from Italy	5 cents
Spanish Wax Beans, small and very fancy, per can	9 cents
2-lb cans Sugar Corn	4 cents
Quart cans Cooking Molasses	9 cents
1-gallon can Fancy Table Syrup	35 cents
Finest California Orange or Apricot Marmalade, per jar	10 cents
A lot of Toilet Soaps, will close out at, per bar	2 cents
Mixed Pickles, Chow Chow or White Onions, per bottle	5 cents
3-lb cans Michigan Table Peaches, in sirup, per can	11 cents
1-lb bars Star Laundry Soap	3 cents
Good Stout Ash Sieves, each	1 cent
2-lb cans Gooseberries, per can	5 cents
Parlor Pride Stove Enamel, large bottle	5 cents
3 lb cans Table Pears	10 cents
Pint bottle Tomato Catsup or Worcestershire Souse	10 cents
Pint Crosse & Blackwell Pickles, per bottle	15 cents
Broken Java Coffee, per lb	14 cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
A 3-gallon keg New Orleans Molasses	49 cents
A lot 600-page Letter Copying Books, slightly damaged, each	10 cents

SPECIAL SALE OF FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour $3.59

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	45 cent
50-lb Bags, each	90 cent
98-lb Bags, each	$1.75
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl	$2.75
BEST QUALITY GRAHAM FLOUR, 196 lbs in barrel, for	$2.90
McDermott's Dakota Patent, per brl	$3.15

Guaranteed to be as good as all of the well-known brands of flour.

Canned Fruits.

	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Apples	6 cts	69 cts
Gallon cans Apples	17 cts	$1.90
2-lb cans Blackberries	6 cts	69 cts
2-lb cans Blueberries	7 cts	79 cts
2-lb cans Strawberries	8 cts	89 cts
2-lb cans Preserve Strawberries	12½ cts	$1.49
2-lb cans Raspberries	9 cts	99 cts
2-lb cans Gooseberries	6 cts	69 cts
3-lb cans California White Cherries	19 cts	$2.10
3-lb cans Criterion California Apricots	10 cts	$1.19
3-lb cans Extra California Apricots	15 cts	$1.79
3-lb cans Cal. Grapes	12½ cts	$1.45
3-lb cans Standard California Pears	12½ cts	$1.49
3-lb cans Cal. Egg Plums	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Cal. Green Gages	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Cal. Gold Drops	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Pie Peaches	7 cts	82 cts
Gallon cans Pie Peaches	19 cts	$2.24
3-lb cans Delaware Table White Peaches	8½ cts	$1.00
3-lb cans Delaware Yellow Table Peaches	9½ cts	$1.10
3-lb cans Vinton Yellow Peaches	10 cts	$1.15
3-lb cans California Yellow Peaches	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Extra California Peaches	15 cts	$1.70
3-lb cans J. H. Flickinger "J.H.F." Yellow Table Peaches	19 cts	$2.25
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	10 cts	$1.20
2-lb cans Fancy Sliced Pineapples	15 cts	$1.75
2-lb cans Grated Pineapples	10 cts	$1.20
2-lb cans Extra Fancy Grated Pineapples	15 cts	$1.75
3-lb cans Extra Quality Sliced Peaches	19 cts	$2.25

For "Peaches and Cream." There is at least 50 per cent more peaches to the can than the ordinary pack.

Canned Vegetables.

	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb Robinson's Tomatoes	6 cts	70 cts
3-lb cans Beauty Tomatoes	6 cts	70 cts
3-lb cans Blissfield Tomatoes	7 cts	78 cts
Gallon cans Tomatoes	16 cts	$1.90
2-lb cans Sugar Corn	5 cts	57 cts
2-lb cans Rocky F Corn	6 cts	70 cts
2-lb cans Baby Corn	8 cts	95 cts
2-lb cans String Beans	5 cts	60 cts
2-lb cans White Wax Beans	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb cans Extra Stringless Beans	10 cts	$1.10
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb cans Early June Peas	9 cts	$1.05
2-lb cans Sifted Early June	12 cts	$1.40
3-lb cans Pumpkin	5 cts	60 cts
3-lb cans Golden Pumpkin	8 cts	95 cts
3-lb cans Pie Plant	12½ cts	$1.50
2-lb cans Standard Succotash	8 cts	95 cts
2-lb cans Lima Beans	6 cts	70 cts
2-lb cans Extra Lima Beans	10 cts	$1.10
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	10 cts	$1.10
3-lb cans Hubbard Squash	10 cts	$1.00
3-lb cans Fancy Asparagus	19 cts	$2.20
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans	7 cts	84 cts
French Peas	9 cts	$1.08

Butter.

Icehouse Creamery, per lb	18 cts
Finest Elgin Creamery, per lb	25 cts
Roll Butterine, per lb	11 cts
8 lb pails Butterine	99 cts
8 lb pails Reliable Dairy Butterine	$1.25
8 lb pails Wisconsin Butterine	$1.50
8 lb pails Creamery Butterine	$1.70

DRIED FRUITS.

	Price per lb	Price per box in less quantit's
Lot D—116 boxes, 25 lbs each, Cal. Prunes, special sale price	99 cts	4 cts
Lot E—144 boxes, 25 lbs each, Cal. Egg Plums, sale price	$1.19	5 cts
Lot G—150 boxes, 25 lbs each, California Silver Prunes, worth much more, sale price	$1.39	6 cts
Lot A—234 boxes, 25 lbs each, Fancy Evaporated California Pears, sale price	$1.69	7 cts
Lot B—136 boxes, 25 lbs each, California Quarter Pears, sale price	99 cts	4 cts
Lot C—455 boxes, 25 lbs each, Quarter California Pears, very fancy, sale price	$1.25	5 cts
Lot H—122 boxes, 25 lbs each, California Dried Peaches, sale price	99 cts	4 cts
Lot I—207 boxes, 25 lbs each, Cal. Fancy Dried Peaches, sale price	$1.17	5 cts
Lot K—162 boxes, 25 lbs each, Evaporated Cal. Peaches, sale price	$1.38	6 cts
Lot L—190 boxes, 25 lbs each, New Cal. Apricots, sale price	$2.38	9 cts
Lot M—460 boxes, 50 lbs each, Cal. Loose Muscatel Raisins, sale price	$1.25	3 cts
Lot N—284 boxes, 40 lbs each, Cal. Loose Muscatel Raisins, sale price	99 cts	3 cts
Lot O—100 boxes, 25 lbs each, Red Nectarines, sale price	$1.89	9 cts
Lot P—87 boxes, 25 lbs each, White Heath Peaches, sale price	$1.98	9 cts
Lot R—57 boxes White Evaporated Apples, 50 lbs in box, price	$2.25	5 cts

TOBACCO.

Special sale of fine tobaccos in tin boxes.

Yale Mixture, per box	20 cts
Cornell Mixture, per box	20 cts
LaFayette Mixture, per box	20 cts
Richmond Mixture, per box	20 cts
Turkish Mixture, per box	20 cts
Mellow Mixture, per box	20 cts
English Bird's Eye, per box	18 cts
T. & B. Mixture, per box	17 cts
Golden Scepter, per box	25 cts
Lone Jack, per package	29 cts
Sweet Clippings, per lb	12 cts
Mountain Rose, per lb	17 cts
Yum Yum, ½-lb	25 cts
Climax, per lb	33 cts

CIGARS.

We sell a clear Havana and a high grade domestic cigar at 5 cents each.

La Carolita, Conchas Especial, guaranteed clear Havana, box of 50	$2.00
Belle of Santiago, Perfectos, a fine grade of domestic, box of 50	$2.00
Our Eagle, genuine Key West, 8 for 25 cents, box of 50	$1.50
Plantation de Cuba, Havana filler, spotted Sumatra wrapper, box of 25	85 cts
Key West Beauty, long filler, Havana seed wrapper, box of 50	$1.00
La Africana, long filler, seed wrapper, box of 50	75 cts
Evelinda, good seed filler, box of 50	65 cts
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, per box	$1.85
Seamen's Stogies, per 100	$1.00

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

68 & 70 Wabash Avenue.

IT IS A WATER CLOCK

A CURIOUS INDICATOR WHICH TELLS THE OCEAN'S TIDES.

It Is at Fort Hamilton, In New York Bay—Though Simple In Construction, It Plays an Important Part In Navigation. The Old Keeper.

The tidal station at Fort Hamilton performs a double duty. Not only does it secure a record of the rise and fall of every tide for the United States coast and geodetic survey, but it also points out to the pilots and navigators of incoming and outgoing vessels the exact condition of the water at all hours of the day. This is done by means of a tidal indicator, or what might more properly be called a water clock. Water clocks are not, by any means, attached to all tidal stations, and this is the only one in this part of the country.

The station itself, a substantial looking structure not much larger than a good sized closet, is on the end of the government pier at the upper end of the fort. The clock, a half circular affair, spreads itself on the top like a fan. The figures on it are visible nearly two-thirds of the way across the Narrows with the naked eye, while a powerful glass reveals them miles away. While pilots and seamen are as familiar with the tides as any one can be there are times when the clock proves to be almost invaluable to them. A strong wind will very often cause the tide to be extra low or extra high. Such conditions, of course, knock out all estimates and tide tables, but not the clock. No matter how hard the wind blows, or what the prevailing elements may be, the arrows which are the hands of this strange clock point out the state of the tide with the same regularity and precision with which a well kept watch tells the time. The sole duty of one arrow is to tell which way the tide is running. This is in the lower part of the center, or on the exact spot where an open face would be held. When the arrow is pointing up the tide is running in, and when the tide is running out, the arrow's point is reversed. The duty of the upper arrow is to tell how many feet of water above mean low tide there are in the bay. The figures are placed as on an ordinary clock, except that they form only a half circle. Zero represents mean low water, and the numbers run as high as six. There are marks to indicate the half feet.

This clock needs no winding. It works automatically and is as simple as possible in its construction. Behind the clock, and not visible, is a large wheel attached to which is the indicating arrow. One end of a stout string is fastened partly around this wheel and to the other end is fastened a small, copper, airtight float, which rests on the water. As the water rises the wheel revolves, so that the arrow works over to the higher numbers, and when the tide is falling the reverse happens. This copper float is well guarded, and no matter how rough the water is it rests as snugly as possible in a sort of cell it occupies. The cell is like a sunken box set in the water which is protected by another similar but larger box. There are small holes near the bottom to let the water in.

The records of the tides are preserved for future reference and are also used in computing tides in advance. A station is not a permanent feature, a few years being long enough for the survey to find out the accurate condition of the water for any locality, and in this way the records perpetuate themselves and could suffice, at any rate, for many decades. This station at Fort Hamilton was established to take the place of the one formerly at Sandy Hook. Two instruments are used in preserving the record made by the water clock, and these are also automatic in their workings. Each has a distinct float in a separate cell, and each regulates a lead pencil fastened in such a position that it rests on a moving roll of paper. The pencil moves to either side, being regulated by the water. The roll of paper, which is 60 feet long, and lasts one month, is slowly unwound from one roll to the other at the rate of about an inch or so an hour. This is done by clockwork. Another clock is so regulated that at every hour a pin is touched and the pencil pressed so as to make an extra heavy mark. Not until the 30 days are up can these sheets be taken off and the records made up in proper form. In the meantime the keeper keeps a watch on the instruments to see that they are running regularly and at the rise and fall of every tide takes notes to help him out at the end of the month.

James G. Spaulding is the keeper of the Fort Hamilton station. For a quarter of a century he has been doing this kind of work. He had charge of the stations at Penobscot bay, Maine, at the mouth of the Savannah river, and also at Sandy Hook. To make up the reports from the sheets requires the most careful figuring, the water being ganged to the hundredth part of a foot.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Willing to Join.

Old Mr. B., who lived in Bangor several years ago, was called "very close," but grasping as he was, he never would accept intoxicating liquor of any kind. One day he was asked to drink with several of his neighbors at the village store, where drinks were sold at 10 cents each. "No, I thank ye," he replied. "I never drink, gentlemen. But if it's all the same to you, I'll take a gimlet instead."—Bangor (Me.) News.

Another Use.

The late Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, was once walking near Tenby, and met a boy carrying a basket of poisonous fungi. In reply to a question, the boy said they were for his own and his grandmother's supper. Buckland told him that whoever ate them would be likely to die, and advised him to throw them away. "No," said the boy, "I won't do that. I can sell them at the hotel."

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

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DIDN'T HOLD OUT.

His Goodness Was Not Sufficient In Quantity For the Occasion.

On the Third avenue cable car the other day a stranger looked at me long and steadily, and when I got off at Fourteenth street he likewise descended and said to me:

"Sir, I beg your pardon."

"For what?" I queried.

"If I have annoyed you or hurt your feelings."

"I'm sure you haven't done either."

"Then I am glad. I never hurt any one's feelings intentionally, and am always ready to beg pardon if I am in the wrong. The other day I went to brush a horsefly off a man's hat and knocked his hat off. I at once apologized in the most effusive manner, but he turned on me and called me a galoot and a dodo. Was he a fair specimen of your New York gentlemen, sir?"

"Well, hardly, but he was probably taken by surprise."

"Yes, perhaps. Down here on Ninth street I accidentally ran against a woman. As soon as I could recover from the recoil I took off my hat and bent low and tendered my regrets in the most heartfelt manner. Did she accept them? No, sir! She called me a jay and punched me with her parasol. Was she a specimen of the feminine culture and refinement of your great city?"

"Probably not, but you must make allowances for her being surprised."

"Yes, I will, but on Broadway yesterday I found a handkerchief which some one had lost. I could have kept it, but I'm not that kind of a man. I went up to a young man carrying a cane and wearing a plug hat, and assuming my most engaging demeanor I asked him to take charge of the article till an owner was found. Did he do so? Far from it! He called me names and threatened me and almost struck me with his cane. Can I take it that he represents the coming generation of this fair city?"

"He was probably a dude, and you wounded his vanity."

"That may be, but I didn't mean to. Take another case—take me and you, for instance. I remove my hat—so. I bow—thus. I smile—like this. And now I ask you if you could spare a hungry and penniless man"—

"No, sir, I couldn't."

"Couldn't spare me 10 cents?"

"No, sir."

"And as a representative of the bloated bondholding class of this wicked and cold hearted city you rebuff me?"

"I do."

He looked at me for 30 seconds to see if I was in earnest, and then growled:

"I'll remember that mug of yours, and if I run across it some night, I'll break your nose with profusive gentility!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Watch Adjuster.

Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive $10,000 a year.

The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a $10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting, and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable, the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes.

To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that helps to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting.

No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his trade and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.—New York Sun.

British Museum Curios.

Among curiosities lately acquired by the British museum the first place is due to some very remarkable acquisitions connected with Charles I, one being a copy of the secret instructions to the commissioners appointed for raising a forced loan in 1626. No other printed copy is at present known to exist, and Mr. Gardiner, while writing his history of the time, was obliged to refer to a manuscript in the state paper office. The interest of this copy is much enhanced by its being addressed to the county of Nottingham, where Charles was destined to commence the civil war 16 years afterward, and by its bearing his signature on the first page of the text.

With this is to be mentioned a copy of the 1633 edition of Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, bound in silk, richly embroidered with silver, with portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria worked on the covers, and a bookmark with the motto, "Your captive king from prison bring." It is inclosed in an embroidered silk sachet, and accompanied by a pair of richly worked kid gloves. The freshness of the object which are said to have belonged to Mrs. Osborn, one of Queen Henrietta's ladies in waiting, is surprising. Another acquisition connected in some measure with Charles I is one of the seven extant Scriptural Harmonics, prepared by the community of Little Gidding, another of which, executed for the king at his own request, was already in the museum.—Academy.

AN INSECT DUEL.

A Fight to Death Between a Wasp and a Spider.

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of the bravery of insects while I was on my vacation last summer," said the professor, after the coffee had been brought on and the cigars had been lighted. "I spent my holiday camping out," he continued, "and the sight to which I refer was a fight to the death between a wasp and a spider.

"Soon after my tent was pitched I awoke one morning and heard a buzzing sound in the peak of my canvas house. Looking up while still lying on my improvised bed, I saw a wasp building his mud house on the tent pole. Several times he went out and returned a few minutes later with his load of clay, which very soon formed another section of his abode.

"The next morning, at just about sunrise, I heard the buzzing again, but it seemed to have increased in volume. Glancing up again, I soon saw the reason. A big spider had spun a web completely across the corner of the tent, shutting the half finished home of the wasp off, so that it could not be reached except by passing through the web. The spider was an ugly looking black fellow, and he stood on guard watching the movements of the wasp. The latter flew backward and forward, looking for an opening to his domicile. Then he remained still in the air for a second or two, as if taking a general view of the situation. Finally he alighted on the tent pole within an inch or so of the edge of the web and seemed to be making up his mind what to do next.

"By this time I had become interested, and wondered what his plan of action would be. While I was still contemplating the two foes the wasp flew off the pole and directly toward the spider, which had been keenly watching him and was evidently ready for the fray, if there was to be one. As the wasp flew past his enemy he curled the under part of his body up so that the part containing the stinger would come in close proximity to the spider.

"The latter was evidently accustomed to such warfare, however, because he got out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened at his defeat, the wasp took a turn and went back again. Once more the spider eluded his venomous stinger, but at the same time he appeared to be trying to bite the wasp. The spider might have retreated so far away from his web fort that his enemy could not have touched him until the obstruction was broken down, but he evidently did not intend to have his carefully constructed flytrap destroyed without a struggle.

"There were several skirmishes of the kind already described, and then the wasp again alighted on the tent pole, as though reconnoitering and getting breath for a grand onslaught. That this was exactly what he was doing was proved by what followed. After remaining on the pole for a few seconds he flew off and poised himself in the air a foot or so below the web. Then he darted directly for the spider, and went completely through the web at the exact spot which had been occupied by the spider a second before.

"For an instant both combatants were lost to view and I heard the battle raging in the peak of the tent. Before I had scarcely had a chance to wonder which was getting the better of it both insects dropped to the ground close to me. The spider was holding fast to the wasp's head with his small but effective mouth, and the wasp was running his stinger in and out of the spider's body with lightning like rapidity. There was a short struggle on the ground, when both insects began to grow weak and their movements were less rapid. Finally they fell apart, but neither moved. I examined them both, after watching them for a few seconds. The poison of each had done the work for the other, and both were dead."—New York Tribune.

Too Many Drugs.

"The primary cause of so many cases of grip in this and other cities," said the examining physician of one of the large life insurance companies in New York to a Mercury reporter, "is the almost universal habit of drug taking, from the milder tonics to patent medicines. Whenever the average men or women feel depressed or slightly ill, they resort at once to some medicine more or less strong. If they would try to find out the cause of the trouble and seek to obviate it by regulating their mode of living, the general health of the community would be better. This drug habit tends continually to lower the tone of the system. The more it is indulged in the more apparent becomes the necessity of continuing the downhill course. The majority of persons do not look beyond the fact that they seem to feel better after the use of a stimulating drug or patent medicine. This feeling comes from the benumbing action of the drug, because it has no uplifting action. With the system in such a weakened state the microbes of the disease find excellent ground to grow. When attacked, the patient lacks recuperative powers, and the result is generally fatal."

A Grim Old Church.

There is no church in London more grimly affecting or more grewsomely picturesque than St. Giles, Cripplegate. Its lantern is strangely gaunt and blackened, its towers stark and solemn. The approaches are all straggling and curious; we fancy ourselves in a bit of some old foreign city. The curious skulls and hourglass over the entrance to the churchyard are vigorously done. It escaped the great fire, and is an interesting church altogether—and picturesque. Here we find Milton's tomb, Fox's (of the "Book of Martyrs") and that of a daughter of Shakespeare's Lucy. And, as if this were not sufficient to reward one's curiosity, they will show us the registry of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Boucher. In the churchyard a large fragment of the old city wall is to be seen.—London Letter.

Crusaders In Stone.

In Banbury church, Essex, there are three effigies, all clad in chain armor. Two of them lie under arches in the north wall, and the other is placed against the east end of the north aisle. They are all cross legged, and their feet all rest on lions, but each man and each lion is in a different position. The hands of one knight are folded and his sword is sheathed, and the lion at his feet is looking toward his face. One of the others is in the act of drawing his sword, and the lion at his feet is turning his head away from him, and the third is sheathing his sword, while the lion looks straight before him. They are all now nameless and unknown. There is a handsome effigy of a crusader in Haccombe church. His legs are crossed at the knees. He is clad from head to foot in beautifully ornamented armor, which has a foliated pattern wrought upon it, over which is disposed a long tunic open at the knees. With both hands, which are gauntleted, he grasps his sword. His head lies on a small cushion placed cornerways on a larger one, and his feet rest on a lion. Only the tip of his nose has been damaged in the centuries that have passed since this memorial was placed in its present position.

In Holbeach church, Lincolnshire, on a richly sculptured but now crumbling tomb, lies an effigy with the legs not crossed at all, but straight and outstretched against a crouching lion. His sword is now broken and his shield frayed at the edges, but as the light shines upon the prostrate form one cannot but be impressed by it. In Beer Ferris, in flowery Devonshire, under an arched recess in the ancient church, reposes the figure of a knight clad in chain armor, the legs of which have been broken off at the knees, where they were crossed, and carried away. Notwithstanding this mutilation, there is an effect of endurance and persistence, as well as pathos, about this form that is very attractive.—Cornhill Magazine.

Smelling and Hearing.

There is a test instrument for different smells. It shows the relative power and influence on different persons. Here is a quotation from a work entitled "The New Psychology:"

"It is said that emeralds, rubies and pearls, if rubbed together for a long time, give out an odor like that of violets. Again, ringworm of the scalp, the body of a patient sick with typhus and a mouse leave similar odors."

The author tells of a certain washerwoman who can tell the person to whom any particular garment or piece belongs, even after it has been washed, merely by the smell. Scientific tests of the sense of taste also give curious results. There is a test of the sense of cold or heat showing queer results in trying the whole body—for the sensitiveness differs greatly from the palms of the hands to the shoulders. The "puckery" taste of sour things is proved to occur sometimes in the mind before the substance has actually been tasted. Color blindness is illustrated in colors.

A whistle has been invented that sounds a note too high for the human ear, as a rule, to hear it. The inventor "has gone through the whole of the zoological gardens, using a cane with a whistle at one end and a bulb at the other. He held it near to the ears of animals, and when they were quite accustomed to the cane he would blow the whistle. Then if they pricked their ears it showed that they heard the whistle; if they did not, it was probably inaudible to them. Of all creatures he found none superior to cats in hearing shrill sounds. Cats of course have to deal with mice and find them out by their squealing. A cat that is at a very considerable distance can be made to turn its ear around by sounding a note that is inaudible to almost any human ear. Small dogs also hear very shrill notes, but larger ones do not."—Hartford Times.

Shakespeare Letters.

Is it possible that letters and papers in the handwriting of Shakespeare still survive? So much carelessness, ignorance and stupidity have been shown in dealing with old papers that it is not unreasonable to conjecture the existence of such treasures. The late Colonel John G. C. Gardiner of Nottinghamshire, a descendant of Shakespeare's grandson-in-law, Sir John Barnard, once told an acquaintance that his father had informed him that in the muniment chest at Thurgarton (his family estate) there were family papers of the Barnards, among which were some of Shakespeare's letters. He had several times endeavored to find these letters, but "owing to the very confused manner in which papers of all kinds were mixed together" he had not succeeded.

The acquaintance offered to help in the investigation, but before this new search could be made Colonel Gardiner died, and his ancient family seat, The Shakespearean says, passed into the hands of a stranger under circumstances which suggest that the old papers might have been given up to those who took possession of the ancient priory. Lysons, a writer on local histories, was the brother-in-law of Colonel Gardiner, who was himself a grandson of Gilbert Cooper, the poet, who knew Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant. Payne Collier called the attention of the Shakespeare society to these facts, but none of its members was, it seems, sufficiently interested to take the matter up and give it prompt investigation.—New York Tribune.

A Curious Playbill Phrase.

The Teatro Nuovo, at Naples, added, our correspondent says, a curious sentence to the bills of performance a few nights ago. The piece to be performed was "Il Catenaccia" ("The Chain"), by Blum and Toche, which had not before been performed at Naples. The sentence was as follows, "The manager considers it his duty to advise the public that this comedy, because of its rather licentious character, is not an entertainment fit for young ladies."—London News.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M Cathy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan I H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 2398 Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1921 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hale ed sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass st and hicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's Hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, W J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at W Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—R S, Martin Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; F S, Joseph Limbofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 40th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Spivester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 914 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western av.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmitt-schmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Limoin st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Emichreutz, 1057 s Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 918 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stepnen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Billdauler, 89 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityborne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, P Sullivan. Meet 3rd Friday at 5000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T L Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, C DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3991 Archer av; R S, Tom Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heimuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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No 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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2. Address, by the Chairman.....Hon. Matthew P. Brady
3. Vocal Solo and Chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner".....Miss Nellie M. Ryan
4. Reading Address of the Societies.....Mr. William A. Cunnea
5. Baritone Solo, "The Memory of the Dead".....Mr. W. J. O'Neill
6. Recitation, "Rory of the Hill".....Miss Mary Ethel Courtenay
7. The Oration of the Evening.....Mr. Clarence S. Darrow
8. Vocal Quintette, "The Song of the Battle Eve".....Alto, Mrs. Thos. Bitters; Soprano, Miss Louise Turgeon; Baritone, Mr. Thomas O'Halloran; Bass, Mr. W. J. O'Neill; Tenor, Mr. Thomas J. Purcell.
9. Fantasia for Two Harps, from Moore, arranged by Thomas.....Miss Marie F. Bonfield and Miss Alice Genevieve Smith
10. Contralto Solo, (a) "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," (b) "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls".....Miss McCaffrey
11. Violin Obligato, Sixth Air, "Varie De Berriot".....Maj. Jas. W. Cole
12. "God Save Ireland".....Mr. W. J. O'Neill

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